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COVER: Overdevelopment and the forces 38 of nature take a toll on the nation's coasts

Mounting damage to waterfront homes, shrinking beaches and threatened wildlife are bleak testament to America's passion for living and playing at the seashore. As the battle between coastal developers and environmentalists rages, state governments are taking steps to curb further building at the water's edge, but they are often too little, too late. See ENVIRONMENT.



NATION: The U.S. Navy finds itself 8 perilously vulnerable in the Persian Gulf

With little defense against ocean mines and no clear objective, the U.S. tanker escort could be courting disaster. How did it get there? ▶ As the Iran-*contra* hearings draw to a close, Ronald Reagan struggles to revive his battered presidency. ▶ Attorney General Meese defends his initial probe into the Iran operation before a skeptical select committee. ▶ Running in '88? Act tough.



CINEMA: After 25 years, the formula for 54 James Bond remains stirring but unshaken

He has battled vicious villains, bedded countless exotic women and, 14 times, saved the free world. Now, on his silver anniversary, Bond is back in *The Living Daylights*, with English Actor Timothy Dalton slipping into the famous tuxedo to foil a plot involving rival KGB factions and Afghan rebels—and to prove that no one can touch 007 for safe thrills and lethal savoir faire.



18 World

A pact without peace in Sri Lanka. ▶ More pressure on Panama's Noriega. ▶ Moscow breaks up Tatar protests. ▶ Bhutto's blind love.

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Washington mounts a drive for U.S. supremacy in superconductors. ▶ An African frog provides a clue to a new class of antibiotics.

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Three American private collections have gone public. Houston's Menil is a triumph; the others, alas, are not.

51 Books

Spycatcher and *Conspiracy of Silence* tell secrets about British intelligence. ▶ S.J. Perelman's letters display vinegary wit.

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Yes, the Russians *did* invent baseball. And they deeply resent Ronald Reagan's uncalled-for remark about "evil umpires."

Cover:
Photograph by
David Schrader

A Letter from the Publisher

As editor in chief of the Columbia University daily, the *Spectator*, Sara Just, 21, spent a busy winter and spring organizing her newspaper's coverage of college life. That routine changed in June when she began her summer internship at TIME's New York City editorial offices. Before she knew it, Just was on the telephone with Government and business sources, gathering reactions to the selection of Alan Greenspan, who, as the newly chosen chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, was the magazine's cover subject.

Several weeks later Carl Bower, 21, a journalism major at the University of Maryland, learned that TIME had scheduled a Show Business story on the impact of AIDS on the arts. He promptly volunteered to photograph a gathering of entertainers paying tribute to AIDS victims in show business. To Bower's delight, two of his pictures ran with the story.

Again this summer, TIME's nine-week intern program, now in its eleventh year, is giving senior-bound college students a chance to get hands-on experience at a major news organization, and a rare glimpse of how TIME is put together. "It's fun knowing what will get into the magazine before anyone else does," says Intern Ruth Masters, 20, a European-history major



Interns Just, Kazmier, Thomas, Bower, Masters and Lavandier

at the University of Pennsylvania, who is researching and writing in the Economy & Business section.

Interns are chosen by TIME editors from among hundreds of applicants put forward by colleges. Their credentials are impressive. Intern Stephanie Thomas, 21, of Barnard College, has visited Turkey nine times. She wound up writing in the World section. Marta Lavandier, 23, studies photojournalism at the Rochester Institute of Technology. She became a picture researcher. Lisa Kazmier,

21, of Northwestern University, has worked for two daily newspapers. Her task: writing in the Milestones section.

For TIME's editors, one benefit of the program is the opportunity to hear fresh views on the magazine's operation. Says Leah Shanks Gordon, administrative editor and the interns' supervisor: "Sometimes what they say is bruising, but the interns' presence gives us an opportunity to hear from some very bright people. We learn a lot from them." And we hope they too learn a lot from their experience.

Robert L. Miller

A word to the wary about life insurance and financial planning.

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but he always cut the cards.*

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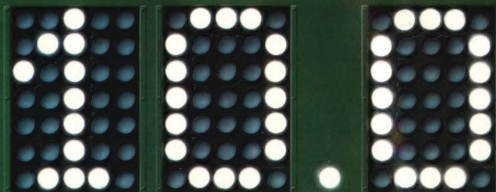
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Letters

Capitol Hearings

To the Editors:

Your cover story conveyed the spirit of that most unusual week in which Lieut. Colonel Oliver North appeared at the Iran-*contra* hearings [NATION, July 20]. Along with many others, I was converted to North's side by the end of the first day. I realize I may be overlooking the issues, but for me it was a relief to cheer for this charismatic all-American Marine in his struggle against a fickle, vacillating, unpredictable Congress.

Scott M. Wilson
Dallas



I am grateful for the opportunity to hear North explain his side of the story. How foolish he makes a lot of people look for judging him before listening to him.

Renee L. Makowski
East Lansing, Mich.

The issue is not North's sincerity; it is whether the President or his staff deliberately set out to circumvent U.S. laws. The Congress we elected voted to cut off funds to the *contra* rebellion. No amount of sincerity justifies breaking the law.

Catherine Skapura
Lafayette, Calif.

I am a Catholic priest serving a nine-month sentence for protesting the training of *contras* in the U.S. It saddens and angers me to see North and Admiral John Poindexter wrap themselves in the U.S. flag and call a wrong right and a lie truth.

(The Rev.) Roy Bourgeois
Oakdale, La.

Your lead story on North implies that the vast majority of Americans who watched the hearings were hoodwinked by a performance that played on American sensitivities. What I saw and admired was an honest, patriotic, courageous man who answered insinuating and prosecutory questions in an intelligent manner.

Hugh Wilson
Houston

I have watched the elevation of Oliver North to sainthood with a mixture of dismay and disgust. If a week of self-righteous testimony is all that is necessary to make an American folk hero, then this country is in trouble.

Kevin Hillstrom
Royal Oak, Mich.

North may have told the truth, and he may be a scapegoat for his superiors. Nevertheless, his defense that he was just following orders has been indefensible since the Nuremberg trials of 1945-46.

Glenda C. Flueck
Siegenburg, West Germany

I do not understand why people criticize the Congressmen who made impassioned statements during the Iran-*contra* hearings. Would Edmund Burke or James Madison have sat meekly by in similar circumstances? Only in the course of investigations into a Watergate or an Iran-scam do Americans have the opportunity to hear their lawmakers expound their political philosophies.

Lorelei H. Goode
Greensboro, N.C.

I have on only one occasion asked my congressional representatives to vote in a particular way, and that was on the issue of aid to the *contras*. When aid was indeed denied, I had the exhilarating sense that I had effectively contributed to our democratic system. My faith in this process has been shaken by the revelations of the Iran-*contra* affair. Despite the sincerity and eloquence of Lieut. Colonel Oliver North, I agree with Indiana Representative Lee Hamilton's assessment that our own democratic principles have been subverted in the effort to secure a democracy in Nicaragua.

Susan Holmes
Fort Washington, Md.

Bit of History

Hugh Sidey tells us that "twinkly" Ron Reagan said that in my book *Lincoln* the President could not have been seen from his window something or other I say that he saw [NATION, July 20]. I suspect that neither Ron nor Hugh knows that Lincoln's office was on the southeast corner of the second floor, with a nice view of sunrise, sunset, the Potomac and the Confederacy. The current, ill-fated Oval Office was built in 1902.

Gore Vidal
Ravello, Italy

Leopard Beware

It is with a sense of utter outrage that I read about the recommendations of some ecologists that the hunting of leopards and an international trade in leopard skins be resumed [ENVIRONMENT, July 20]. The only large animal that is not on an endangered list, to judge by its num-

bers, is the human being. However, I would not on that account recommend that it be hunted.

George S. Chandy
Bangalore, India

Remembering the Holocaust

I was disturbed by the views expressed by some of your readers regarding the decision to build the Holocaust museum in Washington [LETTERS, July 20]. It was suggested that such a museum does not belong in this country; one letter writer went so far as to state that the museum belongs in Jerusalem, "where it would be more relevant." The Holocaust took the lives of Jews, Catholics, Protestants, atheists and agnostics. It cut across ethnic, national and political boundaries, destroying young and old, men and women. Too many Americans are painfully ignorant of this tragedy. The Holocaust was not only a crime against Europeans, it was also against the whole of humanity.

Phil Hall
New York City

Life in Low Gear

Like other cities you mention in your article "Trapped Behind the Wheel," my former hometown, Washington, suffers from horrendous traffic jams [LIVING, July 20]. The alternatives you offer commuters are to accept the situation or fight it with little chance of success. My advice: move to a small town. In my new hometown, Albion, Mich. (population approximately 10,000), a traffic jam occurs only when a train goes through, and even then the traffic is cleared in five minutes.

Maggie LaNoue
Albion, Mich.

You overlooked America's forgotten railways as an alternative to crowded highways. Tens of thousands of miles of underutilized railroads could be transformed into medium- to high-speed transportation networks, particularly in the Northeast, Midwest and Sunbelt. Similarly, the great railway capillary systems of cities like Houston, Los Angeles and Detroit, which were once used extensively for freight delivery, could be developed into useful commuter routes.

George Haikalts
New York City

Genentech Inc. has been purchasing a collection of recorded books for its commuting employees. Having a book read aloud while driving has become an addiction and a joy.

John Patton
South San Francisco

Your article did not mention one gridlock pastime that I have seen on several occasions: drivers saying the Rosary.

Mark D'Alfonso
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Letters

Help Wanted

I would like to remind employers who are looking for people to fill entry-level jobs [ECONOMY & BUSINESS, July 20] that there is a group out there with disabilities who are ready and willing to work. My son is 20, mentally retarded and gainfully employed at McDonald's in Bakersfield, Calif. His functioning level and self-esteem have shot sky-high, and his employer has a dependable, capable employee who is happy to be working at any wage.

*Wilma Sweeney
Tehachapi, Calif.*

Pivot's Power

I am an American living in France who refuses engagements for Friday nights so that I can stay home to see the Bernard Pivot show [VIDEO, July 13]. Your story on Pivot failed to bring out the principal reason for his success: his unobtrusive but extraordinary skill in directing his author guests. He is able to bring together an admirer of Céline (who used his considerable literary talent in virulent anti-Semitic essays) and Bernard-Henri Lévy (a philosopher of Jewish origins). On one occasion Pivot quoted from a literary-prize-winning novel and asked the author how such sloppy writing ever got into print. These attacks are delivered with a certain gentle irony that makes it difficult for the victims to take offense.

*Judith Dubois
Port-Sat. Marie, France*

Bite-Size News

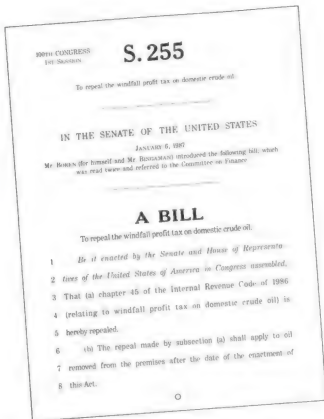
American broadcasters may consider British TV news programs "low key and kind of boring" [PRESS, July 20], but the viewers are presented with the news and nothing more. After returning from two years in England, I was dismayed by American news broadcasts with the anchor popularity contests, the cutesy chit-chat, the endless stream of "live from" reports that impart little substance. The U.S. networks could learn some valuable lessons from British TV news.

*Richard J. Kraus
Paradise Valley, Ariz.*

To make next semester's courses easier, I have been following the upcoming presidential election, as I was advised to do by my professors. Unfortunately, I have learned little from the hours of TV news I have watched this summer. I was happy to read in Thomas Griffith's column that I have reason to be uninformed.

*John Harvey
Mount Tabor, N.J.*

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, and should include the writer's full name, address and home telephone. Letters may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.



Since early 1986, the so-called windfall profit tax has been largely academic since oil prices were so low the tax produced no revenue. In fact, no revenues from this tax are in this or next year's federal budget. If oil prices continue to increase, we and other oil companies may eventually start paying such taxes on some of our oil. But whether it raises money for the federal coffers or not, the windfall profit tax should be repealed. Here's why:

- If, indeed, the government is worried about the U.S. becoming too dependent on imported oil and its effect on national security and the balance of payments, a special tax on domestically produced oil is the wrong way to go. Such a tax acts as a disincentive to exploring for and producing more oil in the U.S. at the precise moment when we should be increasing our capacity as much as we can.

- We've always referred to this impost as the "so-called" windfall profit tax because it isn't a tax on profits at all, but an excise tax on production. We've also wondered how a tax on oil not yet discovered can be a windfall. It is, pure and simple, a punitive tax levied on a single industry. It was enacted in an emotional, anti-oil environment for unjustifiable political reasons. Even worse, its very existence has a chilling effect on future investments in U.S. oil exploration and production.

It's time the tax were repealed. The bill shown above would do just that, and should be passed.

Mobil



Belatedly on its way: an RH-53D minesweeping helicopter deploying a sonar finder.



The Guadalcanal: ready to land choppers to the gulf

Nation

TIME/AUGUST 10, 1987

Into Rough Water

How the U.S. found itself in a Persian Gulf minefield

For 40 years, American warships have been plying the Persian Gulf, symbolizing and substantiating the nation's role as a global power. Never before, however, have those vital waters seemed so treacherous. By blustering into an open-ended commitment to provide convoy protection to eleven reflagged Kuwaiti oil tankers, the U.S. now finds itself embroiled in a halfhearted belligerent in a seven-year-old struggle between Iran and Iraq and once more rattling sabers with Tehran's fanatic mullahs.

Worse yet, the U.S. military again looks like a gawky Goliath, beset by poor planning, faulty conception and just plain bad luck. Last week the *Bridgeton*, a Kuwaiti tanker now flying the Stars and Stripes, prepared to limp out of the Persian Gulf with a 30-ft. by 10-ft. hole in its hull caused by a mine that caught its American protectors unprepared. Jumbo military transports belatedly began ferrying minesweeping helicopters from Norfolk, Va. A Navy helicopter trying to land on the command ship of the task force crashed, with four Americans presumed dead. And the whole region was on edge in the wake of a protest by Iranian pilgrims that turned into a bloodbath in the Saudi Arabian holy city of Mecca. The

week's events reminded a twitchy U.S. of the very real risks that come with flying the flag in far-flung corners of the world.

As the *Bridgeton* took on oil at week's end and another reflagged tanker, the *Gas Prince*, began its return trip with a full load, it was all too clear that the gulf is no place for ill-conceived operations. Had the mine been struck by a U.S. warship instead of the *Bridgeton*, the result might well have been yet another tragedy, with no easy way to retaliate. Indeed, from its inception, the whole reflagging operation has seemed drawn from Alice's curiousest and curiousest looking-glass world:

► Iraq has been responsible for most of the attacks on Persian Gulf shipping, and it was misguided Iraqi missiles that blindsided the U.S.S. *Stark* in May. But in response, the Reagan Administration lashed out at Iran and pushed its plan to put American flags on tankers belonging to Iraq's ally Kuwait.

► The U.S. appeared to tilt the balance of the war toward Iran with its arms-for-hostages deals. But as the congressional hearings into that fiasco climaxed, the Administration decided to airlift reporters to the region to highlight its efforts to stand firm against Iran.

► Naval officers in the gulf had predicted

that one of the biggest threats to their ships would come from mines. But no minesweeping ships or helicopters were included in the operation. Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger conceded that the Pentagon was not prepared for the possibility that the sea-lane skirting the Iranian coast might be mined. "We did not look for mines in that area," he said, "because there have never been any."

► After the *Bridgeton* was hit, the Navy put the 401,000-ton supertanker out front to protect the three U.S. warships that were supposed to be protecting it. The American vessels, bristling with the latest gear to defend against planes, ships and submarines, could not cope with the World War II-vintage mines. "Who is escorting whom?" asked Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd last week. "This patently absurd and ridiculous result of the first escort mission is embarrassing to the nation."

► As the convoy proceeded, American sailors stood on deck with rifles to shoot any mines that appeared. But minesweepers normally must first cut the tethers that keep them submerged. Despite Reagan's \$1.8 trillion military buildup, including \$592 billion for the Navy, the U.S. has only three active oceangoing mine-



Far from the action: one of the Navy's three oceangoing minesweepers berthed in Charleston, S.C.

sweepers, all built during the Korean War. ▶ The prime beneficiaries of the American operation are Kuwait and Saudi Arabia. Yet when the U.S. finally decided to dispatch minesweeping helicopters to the region last week, it was unable to negotiate the right to use bases in those two countries. The choppers had to be transported to the Indian Ocean island of Diego Garcia, 3,000 miles from Kuwait. It will take a ship a week to carry them from there to the Persian Gulf.

▶ America's stated goal is to protect oil shipments. But oil experts say the gulf war has stopped only 1% of tanker traffic. What's more, a halt in tanker traffic would damage Iran the most. Thus America's hold action is directly defending Iran's highest strategic interests.

If the commitment were not so serious and the risk to valiant sailors not so great, the whole operation might seem ludicrous. "Never in my twelve years in the Senate have I seen anything as insane, nonsensical and irresponsible," declared Arkansas Democrat Dale Bumpers. "This policy doesn't have one single redeeming value."

In fact, it does. If the U.S. shrank from its commitment to protect free shipping in the gulf, it might as well discard any pretense of being a superpower. Nor could the U.S. afford to stand by idly after the Soviets earlier this year eagerly accepted Kuwait's invitation to help protect its oil shipments.

As in other cases, the Administration's problem was not so much a lack of sensible goals as the way it arrived at its policy and then proceeded to execute it. The original Kuwaiti request, which came late last year, was considered and endorsed by the State Department and the Pentagon. Following a National Security

Planning Group meeting in early March, President Reagan approved the plan. But many involved say that top officials were too distracted by the Iran-contras controversy to examine its implications fully. Ironically, the scandal provided an impetus to the reflagging proposal. Moderate Arab states reacted angrily last fall to news that the U.S. had secretly dealt with Iran. Kuwait then requested Soviet protection for its tankers. Administration officials concede that granting assistance to Kuwait was a way to make up for the

lic crowing about the U.S.'s helplessness.

To make matters worse, the execution was inexplicably sloppy. "I was astonished to find out that they sailed the first convoy without any minesweeping capability at all," said retired Rear Admiral Robert Hanks, who once headed U.S. naval forces in the gulf. "After all, between the middle of May and the middle of June, there were four tankers mined in the upper reaches of the gulf." The Soviet Union, which has 125 oceangoing minesweepers, compared with America's three, routinely uses them to escort its merchant ships in the gulf.

In its effort to build a 600-ship fleet, the Navy has given top priority to costly aircraft-carrier task forces, emphasizing the controversial mission of projecting force against the Soviet land mass during an all-out war. The Reagan Administration, realizing that the Navy's minesweeping capability had been neglected, in 1981 pushed forward

a \$1.4 billion program to build 14 new *Avenger*-class oceangoing minesweepers. Five should have been delivered by now, but the program is two years behind schedule. Designed by Navy shipwrights and built by two Wisconsin

yards, the vessels had to be lengthened after construction had begun because they lacked proper buoyancy. At another point, work was halted because the contractor had installed the ship's reduction gears backward. The first *Avenger* is expected to be finished later this year. Under NATO doctrine, the U.S. relies on its West European allies to take primary responsibility for minesweeping operations in the North Atlantic. The British have 42 minesweeping vessels, the Dutch 13 and



Examining the wounded tanker
Limping with a hole in the hull



U.S.'s loss of credibility and to counter the Soviet move.

Until the attack on the *Stark*, former Chief of Staff Don Regan, his successor Howard Baker and other top White House aides never focused on the political or military risks involved. Nor did the Congressmen who were informed seem interested in a full briefing. With the uproar over the *Stark* and the subsequent flurry of publicity about the reflagging plan, Baker and his men realized that the risks had not been adequately weighed. But by then it was impossible to back off, especially in the face of Iran's pub-

Nation

West Germany 25. But no nation stepped forward to help with the U.S. convoy last week. Despite informal entreaties from Washington.

Even more troubling was the reluctance of Kuwait or Saudi Arabia to make their bases available for American mine-sweeping helicopters. The State Department secured quiet cooperation from these two nations for fuel and logistical support, but could not win basing rights. Both nations are in a tricky position and, says a Western diplomat, "don't want to do anything to provoke Iran."

Saudi Arabia's vulnerability to internal pressure from its large pro-Iran Shi'ite Muslim population and to external violence from its volatile neighbor was tragically demonstrated last week. Iranians making the annual Muslim pilgrimage to Mecca staged political demonstrations against three of Tehran's favorite whipping boys, the U.S., the Soviet Union and Israel. The protests grew unruly, police moved in and, the Saudis announced late last week, 402 people were killed. At least 275 of the dead were Iranians. In Tehran their countrymen responded by attacking the French, Saudi and Kuwaiti embassies.

The gulf fiasco is only the latest ill-fated attempt by the Reagan Administra-

tion to assert U.S. interests by deploying troops on largely symbolic missions. The crew of the *Stark* was on a poorly defined mission when it was struck by wayward Iraqi Exocet missiles last May. In 1983 Marines deployed in Beirut turned out to be sitting ducks in an ill-protected barracks; 241 Americans were killed by a truck bomb. Despite the valor of those who fought in Grenada in 1983, the mission was beset by examples of military ineptitude and interservice rivalries. In Libya three years later, after Navy carriers could not provide enough bombers, Air Force F-111s had to fly all the way from their bases in Britain, and two pilots were lost; their laser-guided bombs were not capable of conducting the intended "surgical strike," and the French embassy was hit.

Congress, like most of America's allies, tends to be markedly uneasy whenever it comes to supporting military operations. That attitude is reinforced by missions that are not clearly articulated and by operations that are poorly executed. "We see Pentagon requests for the most complicated of systems," says New York Congressman Charles Schumer, a member of the Budget Committee. "Yet so often when our

military has to function in the real world, they're unable to get the job done." The Kuwaiti reflagging is particularly worrisome to many Congressmen because the Administration seems to have stumbled into an open-ended commitment. Senator Rumpers is part of a bipartisan group that has introduced legislation requiring that the reflagging be ended within six months.

The problem, which particularly plagues a democracy, is that sometimes a nation has to make reliable, long-lasting commitments or forfeit its credibility. Nor can such a projection of force be totally risk-free. The decision to escort Kuwaiti tankers violated the maxim that helped shape America's successful foreign policy in the early years after World War II: the need to balance commitments and resources. But in this case the commitment has been made, and the damage that a humiliating retreat would inflict on America's reputation would be almost as great as that from the Iranian arms-for-hostages deals. "If the U.S. backs out of this one," says a Western diplomat in the Persian Gulf, "it won't have enough credibility to float a teacup."

By Walter Isaacson.

Reported by Michael Duffy/Washington and David S. Jackson/Abu Dhabi

The Weapons That Wait

"Minesweeping," says Captain Joseph Kennedy of the Navy's mine-warfare branch, "is like mowing your lawn." Only not quite so easy and considerably more hazardous. Mines are pesky, low-tech weapons that are giving the high-tech U.S. new headaches in the Persian Gulf. Notes Vice Admiral Joseph Metcalf III, the Navy's senior surface-warfare officer: "No element of our Navy is as deficient in capability against the threat as is the mine-countermeasures force."

Ocean mines come in two basic types. Bottom mines, packing between 500 and 2,000 lbs. of explosives, mainly lurk on the sea floor, where their depth makes them difficult to detect. Moored mines, which carry up to 500 lbs. of explosives, float from cables linked to anchors on the ocean floor, and may rest just below the water's surface. Experts believe it was a moored mine that damaged the *Bridgeton*.

Both types of mines can be detonated in a variety of ways. Some are set off by the distinctive noise made by a ship's engine and propellers. Others blow up when they detect the increased water pressure caused by a passing ship, and some explode only when a ship runs into them. Bottom mines are generally detonated by pressure, electronic sensor or acoustical signals.

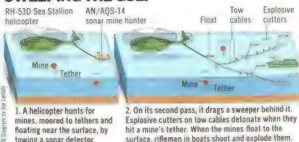
The U.S. Navy's means for dealing with mines are

embarrassingly limited. Indeed, with the minesweeping force now available, the Navy would be hard pressed to sweep even one domestic choke point, say, the Norfolk-Hampton Strait, which has the largest domestic concentration of U.S. Navy vessels. The Navy's largest minesweeping ships are 21 Korean War-vintage oceangoing sweepers, but only three are on active duty. The 170-ft. wooden-hulled vessels are not being sent to the Persian Gulf because it would take weeks to get them there. The Navy has seven smaller minesweeping boats, which were designed for U.S. coastal waters. One of those is equipped with mine-detecting devices; the others carry only the cables that detonate mines.

Having no real alternative, the Navy will depend on 23 aging RH-53D Sea Stallion minesweeper helicopters built in the 1970s by Sikorsky Aircraft: eight are now on their way to the Indian Ocean and eventually to the gulf, where they will operate from the deck of the amphibious assault ship *Guadalcanal*.

The choppers can hunt and sweep at a speed of 10 to 12 knots, compared with about 5 or 6 knots for a seagoing minesweeper. But the helicopters, designed for short hops, can stay in the air only a few hours at a time. Moreover, in the gulf heat, their range is further restricted. In the gulf, where mammoth tankers move at a stately pace, speed is less important than accuracy and endurance. Even in the best of times, as Everett Pyatt, an Assistant Secretary of the Navy, points out, the miner, not the sweeper, has the advantage.

SWEEPING THE GULF



"It's Very Difficult to Accept"

Meese, Regan and Weinberger add little to an incomplete story



After eleven weeks of testimony from 28 witnesses, the congressional committees probing the Iran-contra affair finally heard from the investigator who brought the scandal to light and the official who presided over the White House staff while the ill-conceived policy was unfolding. Neither Attorney General Edwin Meese nor former Chief of Staff Don Regan did much to shake the devastating portrait that has emerged from the hearings of a secret foreign-policy apparatus run amuck and key officials more concerned with pulling together a convincing alibi than getting to the bottom of the tangled tale.

Meese's account of his four-day inquiry into the Administration's arms-for-hostages deals with Iran last November added little to the bafflingly incomplete picture that he presented last fall. Smugly defending his effort, Meese proclaimed, "We were able to piece together a basic outline of what is now known as the Iran-contra story, which has been essentially validated during the extensive investigations which have occurred since."

For all his bland composure, Meese's description of the "fact-finding" mission left the impression of an incurious, if not downright obtuse, investigator who failed to keep notes of crucial interviews with key players in the scandal or follow up on hints that laws might have been broken. In amiable tones, he told of how on Nov. 23 he confronted National Security Council Aide Lieut. Colonel Oliver North with a memorandum describing the diversion to Nicaraguan rebels of profits from Iranian arms sales. He did not ask North if the President had approved it.

Meese did not seal North's office or secure any of the colonel's documents until four days after the memo was found because, he testified, there was still "no obvious criminality" involved. Alarmed by his conversation with the Attorney General, North returned to his office that night for a shredding session that lasted from 11 p.m. to 4:15 a.m. Responding to questions about his lackadaisical dealings with North, Meese blithely maintained that the papers North destroyed were probably "irrelevant."

Meese explained his failure to take notes during meetings with many of the key figures in the scandal by claiming that he was engaging only in "casual conversa-

tions" and not trying to gain "great amounts of information." One such chat occurred at the home of Director of Central Intelligence William Casey, whom North has depicted as a sponsor of the diversion scheme: just hours after the incriminating memo was found, Meese insisted that he did not discuss the transfer of funds to the *contras* with Casey. The Attorney General described a laid-back talk about the diversion with Vice Admiral John Poindexter, who told him, "Ollie has given me enough hints about this so that I generally knew, but I did nothing to

whose poor advice to the President had only worsened the scandal. But Regan gave blunt answers to the committees and cracked self-deprecating jokes about his tenure in Washington. Describing the President as "not the type that likes to go around firing people," Regan quipped, "That's an ironic statement coming from me." It was clear that Regan had less of a grip on the White House than was once believed. He was kept in the dark about much of the Iran-contra affair. Playing off a question about the proper role of a "fall guy" protecting a superior from embarrassment, Regan produced one of the hearings' memorable lines: "I don't mind spears in the breast. It's knives in the back that concern me."

Regan defended the President's intentions in trying to get American hostages back from Lebanon in return for U.S. weapons, and stated his certainty that Reagan knew nothing of the diversion to the *contras*. But one of his disclosures could prove damaging to the President. Since the early days of the scandal, there has been confusion over whether Reagan knew of or authorized the initial sale by Israel of American-made Hawk missiles to the Iranians in November 1985. Last fall some members of the Administration said the Israeli shipment contained only oil-drilling equipment. According to Regan, that claim was a "cover story" that the President and his aides had concocted for use if the weapons deal was ever exposed.

Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger began his testimony last Friday by declaring that he once believed his repeated advice to the President to reject the Iranian arms deals had succeeded in having "this baby strangled in its cradle." He cited a fundamental flaw in the effort to reach out to Iranian moderates. Said the Secretary: "I didn't think there were any moderates still alive in Iran." Astonishingly, Weinberger had to learn details of the Iran initiative from another country's intelligence reporting.

After the hearings end this week, the President is expected to carry out his promise, figuratively if not literally, to "stand on the roof and yell." For some of his former staffers, however, the ordeal may be far from over. Independent Counsel Lawrence Walsh is expected to start handing up indictments of the key players this month. —By Jacob V. Lassar Jr. Reported by Hays Gorey/Washington



Meese: smugly defending his inquiry



Regan: steadfastly defending his boss

Neither man shook the devastating portrait of foreign policy run amuck.

follow up or stop it." Satisfied with that reply, Meese did not press the National Security Adviser on whether he had authorized the diversion or informed the President about it.

Meese's inability to recall details of crucial meetings and conversations that took place while the scandal was breaking failed to sway some members of the committee. When Maine Senator George Mitchell, a Democrat, said he found some of the Attorney General's statements "very difficult to accept," Meese came close to losing his temper. "What I have told you is the absolute truth of what happened," he said, "and so if there's any question in your mind, I want to get that settled right now." Mitchell shrugged and retorted, "I just said it's hard to accept."

After Meese's stolidity and forgetfulness, Don Regan came across as a refreshing model of candor and good humor. In the days before his ouster five months ago, Regan was denigrated as an iron-fisted martinet



Weinberger

Not Yet a Potted Plant

Despite his Iran-contra wounds, Reagan is hardly a pushover



For the embattled President, the cheering crowds were a tonic. "Reagan, Reagan, Reagan!" chanted a chorus of young people in Port Washington, Wis., as bright balloons lofted over the Lake Michigan shoreline and a band blared campaign-style tunes. In nearby West Bend (pop. 21,000), some 30,000 people turned out to welcome the presidential motorcade. Buoyed by the lively response, Ronald Reagan scoffed at critics who claim he has lost his political punch. Said he: "I reject a potted-plant presidency."

That was, of course, a reference to one of the more memorable lines uttered during the Iran-contra hearings: Attorney Brendan Sullivan's notable "I am not a potted plant" response when Senator Daniel Inouye grew impatient with the lawyer's frequent objections and suggested that his client, Oliver North, should be the one to speak up. The fact that the President would remind his audiences even obliquely of the scandal that has seriously impaired his effectiveness signaled his rising optimism. Although the Wisconsin demonstrations had been carefully stage-managed, they reinforced Reagan's recovery from the doldrums inflicted by a triple whammy last November: the uproar over his sale of

U.S. arms to terrorist Iran, his failure to keep the Senate in Republican hands, and his almost automatic reduction, once the final midterm elections of his presidency were behind him, to lame-duck status.

The end of the public hearings this week will give the White House relief from the almost daily battering of adverse



An ebullient President basking in Port Washington's welcome

But the damage inflicted by last November's triple whammy persists.

headlines and dramatic TV testimony. But the damage inflicted on Reagan's credibility and his conduct of foreign policy cannot be readily repaired by a few motorcades down the main streets of mid-America. Any President heading into his waning months and faced with a hostile Congress would have an uphill struggle against becoming irrelevant. The nation's living-room view of the strange doings in the Oval Office adds to Reagan's burden.

North's testimony may have marginally aided the *contra* cause and enhanced his own can-do image (though there are already signs that Olliemania is fading), but it did not help his Commander in Chief, who professed not to know what his National Security Council staff aide had been up to. National Security Adviser John Poindexter's insistence that "the buck stops here with me" on the diversion of profits from the Iran arms sales to the *contras* meant that investigators had not found a "smoking gun" in the President's hand. But many Americans found the admiral's tale too tall to be credible. Polls showed that a majority of Americans still believe the President was lying when he claimed he did not know about this diversion. "For the first time probably in his whole career, his integrity has been brought into question," conceded his pollster, Richard Wirthlin. "That troubles him and frustrates him."

Later witnesses were more believable, and in some ways more damaging. Both Secretary of State George Shultz and former Chief of Staff Don Regan inadvertently portrayed Reagan as easily manipulated and uninterested in the details of how two of his most cherished goals were being pursued: the release of American hostages in Lebanon and the survival of the *contras* when Congress was refusing to arm them. The resulting portrait of the President was far from flattering. His occasional eagerness to actively shape policy and his memory of what he had decided appeared erratic and selective.

The Hearings' Best Lines

One byproduct of dramatic scandals is memorable phrases that pass into the vernacular. Watergate produced Nixon's famous denial, "I am not a crook." Howard Baker's question, "What did the President know and when did he know it?" and vivid images such as "smoking gun" and "twisting slowly, slowly in the wind." Among the Iran-contra affair's candidates:



I'm not a potted plant.

Sometimes you have to go above the written law.



Lying does not come easy to me.

I came here to tell you the truth—the good, the bad, and the ugly.

I'll be glad to meet Abu Nidal on equal terms anywhere in the world.

There's going to be a shredding party.



Worse yet, there was no way to avoid harsh bottom-line judgments of what Reagan had actually done, or failed to do, in the Iran-*contra* fiasco:

► He rejected the strenuous objections of Shultz and Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger, and sold U.S. weapons to Iran even though his Administration was loudly urging other nations not to do so. He did this on the advice of two far less assertive aides, first Robert McFarlane and then John Poindexter and, more significantly, William Casey, the late CIA director whose ghostly presence haunted the hearings as the one who may have masterminded the events.

► He undermined his own antiterrorist policy by trading arms for hostages, thereby raising the value of the innocent captives and inviting the seizure of more. When an aide questioned the legality of the bargaining, Reagan replied, "The American people will never forgive me if I fail to get these hostages out over this legal question." The comment carried a ring distressingly close to the spontaneous declaration of Fawn Hall, North's document-shredding secretary: "Sometimes you have to go above the written law."

► He staked his credibility on his claim that he had not known that his NSC staff had arranged to divert profits to the *contras*. Yet the fine focus on this point obscured a broader one: any act so potentially destructive to the President's management of foreign policy should not have been allowed to escape his attention.

► Once news of the arms sales broke, he misled the public. His press conference claim that no third country had been involved in the weapons shipments to Iran was far from a matter of a bad briefing. He knew Israel had been involved, but he was told to conceal the fact. At best, he became confused; at worst, he lied.

► When he presumably learned about the diversion from the hasty fact-finding probe of Attorney General Edwin Meese,

he commendably made the startling fact public. Yet he made no effort to find out how this had happened from either Poindexter or North, who knew the details. One possibility was that the President already knew more than he cared to reveal.

The President's self-inflicted Iran-*contra* wounds will not heal quickly. He will try to put the events behind him later this month by giving his own post-hearings perspective in a brief televised speech. But more blows seem likely. The final report of the Senate and House select committees, due in early October, is certain to be highly critical.

Any new indictments by Independent Counsel Lawrence Walsh will draw fresh attention to the scandal, and some could very well fall close to the Oval Office. Reagan is known to be especially hurt by the revelation that his former personal assistant, David Fischer, took large payments for bringing potential *contra* contributors into the White House for presidential handshakes.

At a photo opportunity on Friday, Reagan made the baffling assertion that he had not "heard a single word" indicating that any crime was committed. That was a worrisome indication that he still may not understand what went on—or may not want to. Two *contra* fund raisers have already pleaded guilty to a conspiracy to defraud the Government, and there has been clear evidence of destruction of official documents as well as probable unauthorized use of Government funds.

The affair has diverted the Administration from fashioning effective new policies, wasting the dwindling time that the President has left. It has emboldened Democratic presidential candidates to attack Reagan personally as an ineffective leader. Republican contenders, too, have been trying to distance themselves from Reagan now that his cloak of invincibility has slipped.

Yet Reagan's innate optimism, which remains largely intact despite three major operations since he entered the White House and minor surgery last week to remove a cancerous growth from his nose, could help him fight back. His overall approval rating in polls remains high (53% in the latest Gallup), and Wirthlin predicts it will rebound to 60% or so as attention swings away from the scandal. At the least, the President seems likely to remain a formidable, if diminished, player in the Administration's battles with Congress as he tries to pin down his place in history.

Reagan's impending clash with the Senate over Robert Bork's nomination to the Supreme Court is expected to be a dramatic showdown. "Most people in the Senate haven't made up their minds," contends Chief of Staff Howard Baker, "and I think that's good." He predicts Bork will be "an absolutely stunningly good witness." If Reagan wins, his legacy may well include a long-lasting conservative course for the court.

The revived public interest in the fate of the *contras*, stimulated by North's impassioned oratory, may give Congress second thoughts about again curtailing support for the rebels. This battle, too, could go either way, and Reagan will not be irrelevant to its outcome.

Nothing would revive the President's leadership more solidly than reaching agreement with the Soviet Union on a sweeping reduction in intermediate-range nuclear missiles. This would raise the remote possibility of a cutback in strategic missiles, whose numbers have continued to grow, albeit at a slower rate, under past treaties. However he may be diminished by his Iran-*contra* adventure, Ronald Reagan is unlikely to go down in history as a mere potted plant. In his final 16 months as President, he may yet carve out a more elevated niche. —By Ed Magnuson.

Reported by Laurence L. Barrett and Barrett Seaman/Washington

Nothing ever gets settled in this town.

Trust is the coin of the realm.

Our guys...they got taken to the cleaners.



When was the last time it snowed in Nicaragua?

The American people have the constitutional right to be wrong.



We did not—repeat did not—trade weapons or anything else for hostages.



The buck stops here with me.



Nation

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Hot Air—and Hope—for Iowa



Gephardt gabs with the voters

Under a filmy rainbow-colored bag of hot air, Democratic Presidential Candidate Richard Gephardt gazed down at Iowa's fruitful political plain last week. He drifted among the competitors gathering for the national hot-air-balloon championship in Warren County for only a few minutes, but even during that short span the scene beneath him was changing.

Back down on the black prairie loam, he rumbled through the state's sweltering canyons of hybrid corn telling the folks about a \$6 billion bailout for the stressed Farm Credit System that was being put on the tracks in Washington and pointed their way. The Iowa landscape is no longer quite so overwhelmed with images of farm foreclosures and weeping families. Farm nostalgia, which had sustained a lot of the early political dialogue, is being pushed aside for some hard number crunching. "Farmers have learned that agriculture is first a business, then a way of life," says Omaha's wily

Hugh Tinley, former president of the Farmers National Co., which manages 4,300 farms, the largest such concern in the U.S.

The struggle is on, and it is grand. Seminal capitalism, which spawned a devastating purge by the marketplace for inefficiency and misjudgment, now gives promise of better times by prudent restructuring and rescaling. The politicians have picked up the scent of economic change. Gephardt is early because his part of the proposed Harkin-Gephardt farm bill deals with farm credit. While his other pitch, about farm-production controls and trade protectionism, may be a drag, he could make a lot of political hay if Iowa's farmers do indeed turn the corner. Just which party and which contender get credit for rising spirits could help shape the Iowa caucuses next February, and that could help determine who gets the White House in 1989.

Back in Washington, House Speaker Jim Wright and Whip Tony Coelho and some loyal Democratic outsiders like Iowa's David Nagle closed ranks to help their boys. They shouldered the Credit System bill into committee for a vote this week, aiming to have it on the floor for the full House to consider after Labor Day. "In my district, with the Dalton gang, we usually hold up trains until we see what's in them," protested Kansas Republican Pat Roberts. "What kind of a railroad is this?" asked Illinois Republican Edward Madigan. "It was an old-time, beautiful, iron-wheeled political railroad with big bucks at stake and big men reaching out into the country to sway people and take over power."

Behind it all was the lowering scene in the farm belt. The price of the best land is creeping up a bit. The shifted dollar is moving some grain overseas. Cattle and hog prices are better. "It's been 13 years since farmers had a growing season with so many positive factors," noted Tinley. "Low inflation, low interest rates, low fuel prices, reasonably low production costs."

This is still not a boom year for farmers, and there is plenty of misery and trouble waiting around for the unwary. But Tinley, 70, has heard a lot and seen a lot from his home along the Missouri River. His family in Council Bluffs, Iowa, were friends of the Puseys (Nathan was a Harvard president), who were friends of the Abraham Lincolns back in Springfield, Ill., and all of them were wrapped up in dealings with the seeming endless and open land. That land still drives events. "Well-managed Midwest farmland is showing a return of about 7% on purchase price," says Tinley. "Brokers are having a dickens of a time keeping farm listings. Sales volume is up about a third over last year." Farmers with a positive cash flow are paying off their debt. Tinley estimates that 40% of all farmers are totally debt-free. Wonder if Gephardt got that message up in his balloon?

A Major Sticking Point

Bonn's missiles stall a pact

In a world groaning under the weight of more than 50,000 nuclear warheads, who would have thought the most promising attempt to sharply cut that frightening number could be stalled by a dispute over 72 aging missiles? Such a disagreement has emerged as a major obstacle to a U.S.-Soviet accord on intermediate nuclear forces (INF) that would ban medium- and shorter-range missiles in both Asia and Europe.

After a flurry of diplomacy in the past two weeks, Moscow and Washington seemed on the brink of an agreement based on the so-called global double-zero concept. But the talks have bogged down over 72 West German Pershing IAs. While the missiles themselves are owned by West Germany, their warheads are controlled by the U.S. because Bonn is prohibited from owning nuclear weapons. The Soviets insist the Pershing IAs are American and should be included in the proposed ban. The U.S. counters that they are a "third-party system" and should not be part of any U.S.-Soviet pact.

The Reagan Administration hoped to break the impasse by abandoning plans to replace the Pershing IAs with more up-to-date launchers. But last week Soviet officials declared this solution unacceptable.

The Soviets have also spurned an offer for "accelerated obsolescence" of the Pershing IAs that would allow them to remain in West Germany until 1992, when an accord would go into effect. In a significant concession, Washington also agreed to destroy its ground-based cruise missiles in West Germany rather than convert them to sea-launched weapons stationed in the Atlantic Ocean.

Despite the flap, both sides seem eager to reach an INF accord before Reagan leaves office. Optimists were encouraged by two developments last week. One was the announcement that the much delayed meeting between Secretary of State George Shultz and Soviet Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze, widely seen as a prelude to a summit in the U.S. later this year, will begin on Sept. 15. The other was the upbeat tone struck by Kenneth Adelman when he announced his resignation as director of the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. Said Adelman, a skeptical critic of many arms-control proposals: "I want to leave at a time when it was clear that things were coming up roses."



A Pershing IA

Seeking Oomph On the Stump

Candidates are flexing their muscles



Every candidate for President strives for a persona that shouts to voters. "Here's a strong leader!" For Democrats, that imperative is a special challenge. The ghosts of Walter Mondale and Jimmy Carter haunt them with reminders of how easy it was for

Ronald Reagan to depict Democrats as wimps, soft on foreign adversaries and pushovers for domestic special pleaders. Strategist Patrick Caddell, in a long paper on the party's flaws, urges his colleagues to "face the sensitive question: Is the Democratic Party perceived as a 'feminine' party and the G.O.P. a 'masculine' party... on characteristics such as 'strong,' 'tough,' 'forceful'?"

To counteract this perception, most of the Democratic candidates are investing heavily in what can be called the "muscle factor." Like novice sportswriters, they festoon their rhetoric with images denoting oomph. They strain to adopt positions that appear to be gutsy. Richard Gephardt promotes his restrictive trade policy with the argument that a "made-in-the-U.S.A." approach will "score knockout victories again." Free traders, he says, "lack backbone." Joseph Biden uses the America's Cup races as a metaphor for the nation's standing, then declares, "To say we want to compete means we are already losing. I want to win!" Paul Simon attempts to offset his meek image with the mantra "We need someone with the courage to do the tough things."

Autobiographical tidbits reinforce the motif. Michael Dukakis tries to overcome a bookish mien by telling a TV audience that he ran a "pretty credible 57th" in the 1951 Boston Marathon and was "always out on the ball fields and playing fields." Albert Gore in most speeches cites his Army service in Viet Nam. Bruce Babbitt, who has pedaled his ten-speed across Iowa and climbed a mountain in New Hampshire, is described in one of his TV commercials as "coming from a frontier family that lives by simple truths."

Even strategists who doubt Caddell's formulation that a political party, like a French noun, can connote gender, concede that the Democrats must strive to convey toughness if they are to attract the defectors and younger men who contributed heavily to both Reagan landslides. Pollster Stanley Greenberg, after studying switch voters, points out, "Younger voters, even more than others, respond strongly to candidates who seem determined to pursue clear goals—regardless of what those goals are." It worked for Reagan and for Oliver North.

The Democrats encounter another problem, however, as they do their Atlas act to impress independent-minded voters.

The candidates must also appeal to party loyalists who dominate the nomination contest. These activists in most Northern states lean leftward—feminine as Caddell has defined it—and pressure national candidates to toe their issue lines. The result can turn muscle to flab.

In Iowa, for instance, doves, populists, union leaders and feminists weigh heavily in the caucus process. When Gephardt flexes his muscles for trade and farm legislation, he wins points in the small Iowa caucus arena but risks coming across to a national audience as a Mondale-style panderer to special interests. "If Gephardt really wanted to look gutsy," says one party critic, "he'd tell the unions where to go." Biden has tried to look tough by taking command of the battle against Supreme Court Nominee Robert Bork. But he ends up seeming to cater to liberal groups and surrendering his independent judgment on the biggest issue he faces as Senate Judiciary chairman. Babbitt is more consistent in his willingness to take unpopular stands, as he did last week by proposing a national sales tax.

In foreign affairs, all the Democrats, save Jesse Jackson, attempt to persuade voters that they have outgrown the McGovernite aversion to strong action abroad. Yet most of them oppose specific intervention in almost every case, giving the impression that the Viet Nam syndrome still governs their thinking. On the question of reflagging Kuwaiti tankers, for example, only Gore supports the White House. Thus gritty rhetoric often looks like mere posturing. Says Alvin From, executive director of

the centrist Democratic Leadership Council: "Tough talk does not substitute for a credible sense that a candidate will really fight for something."

Most Republican contenders are going through a mirror image of this drill. To independents and moderates, they talk about compassion as they attempt to disengage from the harsher aspects of Reaganism. But G.O.P. primary voters tend to be conservative loyalists. They want a combative leader who reminds them of Reagan—or so the candidates think. Reagan's longtime pollster, Richard Wirthlin, cautions that the muscular approach does not work automatically. "People always rerun the last successful election," Wirthlin explains. "Now candidates are trying to bring forward what was a very important trait for Reagan."

Looking tough is a special challenge for George Bush, burdened as he is with the image of the eternal second banana. Lately the Vice President has sought to counter murmurs about the "wimp factor" by citing his captaincy of the Yale baseball team and his World War II combat record, as well as his Government posts. "Everything I've done in my life has equated with leadership," he says. But Bush undercuts his effort by his refusal to adopt any firm positions of his own. His principal rival, Bob Dole, exudes a can-do aura that allows him to project toughness without resorting to overheated rhetoric. When he talks about being the one Republican willing to make tough decisions to reduce the federal deficit, his listeners may dislike his message implying austerity but they respect the messenger.

That lesson applies to contenders in both parties. Creating political muscle, like building real biceps, takes time and sweat. Without some pain in the form of stands that offend one faction or another, political gain in the long run is elusive.

—By Laurence L. Barrett/Washington





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American Notes



Memorials: Baldrige's fatal fall



Politics: Senator Metzbaum



Broadcasting: a pirate station is silenced

MEMORIALS

Requiem for A Cowboy

The music segued from Brahms to *Red River Valley*, the language from the *Book of Common Prayer* to *A Cowboy's Prayer*, evoking "that last inevitable ride..." Such simple touches in last week's memorial service in Washington would have pleased Malcolm Baldrige, who died four days earlier, crushed by a falling cow pony while roping a steer. In his eulogy, Ronald Reagan described the late Commerce Secretary as direct and unpretentious. He told of how Baldrige had ordered his staff to interrupt him for only two types of phone calls. "I was one," Reagan said, "and any cowboy who rang up was the other." In deference to Baldrige, Reagan decided not to begin the search for his successor until this week.

BOSTON

Ray to the Rescue, Again

Manuel Rose, a 68-year-old retiree with an artificial leg, was cheerfully watching a baseball game on television in his second-floor South Boston apartment when a man with a familiar face burst through the door. "What the hell are you doing here?" asked Rose as

Ray Flynn, the mayor of Boston, picked him up and hauled him out to the street. What was going on? Hizzoner, it seems, was playing basketball nearby when he spotted flames emerging from Rose's home and rushed to the rescue.

That sort of mayoral deriding-do has become routine for Flynn, an athletic 48. Since he was elected in 1983, he has rescued a woman from an office fire, been first on the scene of an early-morning plane crash, and plucked a man from a wrecked car near city hall. Though critics carp that Flynn's heroics amount to headline grabbing as he prepares for a second-term bid this November, the mayor vows that he will continue helping citizens in need. Says he: "I'll do it again whenever a situation arises, and never mind the fallout."

BANKRUPTCIES

A Tall Texan Goes Under

Bankruptcies in the depressed Energy Belt are almost as common as ten-gallon hats, but the Texan who filed papers last week was no ordinary sad case: John Connally, 70, former Treasury Secretary, three-term Texas Governor and onetime presidential candidate. Connally applied under Chapter 11 for personal bankruptcy protection and under Chapter 7 to liquidate the failed real estate

business he owned with Partner Ben Barnes, a former Lieutenant Governor. Between them, they owe an estimated \$170 million.

After failing to get the 1980 Republican presidential nomination, Connally went home to make a Texas-size fortune. Starting with about \$10 million, he and Barnes built a real estate empire worth an estimated \$300 million by 1983. But the oil bust sent the value of the partners' holdings into a free fall. Over the past year Connally tried to prop up the business by selling personal assets, including 126 prized Thoroughbreds and quarter horses that he reluctantly auctioned off for nearly \$400,000.

POLITICS

Red Baiting Returns

It was a throwback to a nastier era of political vituperation. In a report proposing strategies for next year's election, the National Republican Senatorial Committee suggested that Ohio Democrat Howard Metzbaum had links to left-wing organizations during the 1940s and voters might be persuaded that his "Communist sympathies have found their way onto the Senate floor." One of his purported pinko proposals: setting up a national corporation to purchase and distribute imported oil.

When the Red-baiting tac-

tic was unearthed last week, Metzbaum denounced it as "lies, innuendos, McCarthyism and stupidity." A red-faced Rudy Boschwitz, the Minnesota Republican who chairs the G.O.P. senatorial committee, apologized for the "insulting and outrageous" smear.

BROADCASTING

Pirate Rock 'N' Roll

The call letters were RNI, for Radio NewYork International. The studio was a rusted 150-foot fishing ship, rechristened *Sarah*, anchored off Long Island just outside the U.S. three-mile territorial limit. The idea was to get beyond the Federal Communications Commission's reach to protest the "stale" sounds offered by licensed New York stations. The pirate broadcasts stopped last week, after four days, when Coast Guardsmen and FCC agents, citing an international treaty prohibiting broadcasts aboard ships outside national territories, boarded the *Sarah* and arrested Chief Engineer Alan Weiner and Disk Jockey Ivan Rothstein. The two were released pending a hearing on charges of conspiring to impede the FCC. In the meantime, station WNYG-AM on Long Island is giving the rock-'n'-roll pirates some time on terra firma and allowing them a test 16-hour broadcast this week.

World

SRI LANKA

If This Is Peace . . .

A four-year war officially ends, but the battle could rage on

As Indian Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi emerged from the President's House in the Sri Lankan capital of Colombo last week, he had reason to smile. The previous day the Prime Minister had signed an agreement with Sri Lankan President Junius R. Jayewardene that promised to end a brutal civil war. But as Gandhi passed the white-uniformed men of a Sri Lankan naval honor guard, one of the sailors broke ranks and swung at Gandhi with the butt of his rifle. The Prime Minister caught a glancing blow in the back and stumbled. Guards quickly hustled Gandhi away and hauled off the bellicose sailor.

As it turned out, Rajiv Gandhi was not injured. Nonetheless, the attack was a painful reminder to the Prime Minister of how much strife and distrust had been aroused by the pact he had just initiated—and how uncertain were its chances of success. For four years Sri Lanka, a tear-drop of an island off India's southern coast, has been plagued by a vicious battle that has claimed more than 6,000 lives. Pitting the Sinhalese majority against the minority Tamils, the conflict has not only imperiled Jayewardene's government but threatened to drag New Delhi further into a war that it wanted to see end.

The agreement was worked out during three weeks of secret talks between New Delhi and Colombo. Its centerpiece was Jayewardene's concession of local rule in two provinces heavily populated by Tamils, who make up one-eighth of the country's 16

million people. In exchange Gandhi, whose country is home to about 90 million Tamils and who has provided refuge and arms to Tamil insurgents fighting the Colombo government, promised to ensure that the rebels would lay down their arms.

The day after the signing ceremony, some 3,000 Indian troops landed on the Tamil-dominated Jaffna peninsula in the north of the island. Their task: to disarm the guerrillas and take up peacekeeping duties. Those efforts promised to be tricky: the Liberation Tigers of Tamil Eelam, the largest and most militant of five rebel groups, insisted that they would not consider disarming until New Delhi released their leader, Vellupillai Prabhakaran. He had been under house arrest in New Delhi after calling the pact a "stab in the back, but early this week Prabhakaran was released and returned to Jaffna after pledging that he would ask his commanders to disarm.

Jayewardene had already announced a request for "military assistance" from the U.S., Britain, Pakistan and China to help "suppress a revolt against the democratically elected government." U.S. officials indicated that some "logistical support" might be forthcoming but that there would be no direct military aid.

For their part, Sinhalese protesters took to the streets even before the agreement was signed. Columns of black smoke rose over the capital as police and soldiers resorted to rifle fire to contain the rioting. By week's end at least 70 people were dead. In the protesters' eyes, Jayewardene had caved in to rebel demands and Indian pressure. Admitted a government official: "Ninety percent of the Sinhalese people are against us."

For all the controversy it has aroused, the accord offers benefits to both countries—if it holds up. For Sri Lanka, peace would bring stability and a return to more prosperous times. For India, success would promote the country's coveted image as a regional superpower and repair Gandhi's battered reputation. Said U.S. State Department Spokesman Charles Redman: "We applaud the statesmanlike efforts and perseverance of these courageous leaders in achieving this accord."

Nonetheless Jayewardene, 80, is taking the biggest gamble in his nine years as President. The accord has angered his party and strained the loyalty of the



45,000-strong armed forces. The opposition parties and Buddhist monks, who are an influential force in Sinhalese society, were in the vanguard of the demonstrations. Said Madihe Pannanseeha, chief priest of the Amarapura Chapter of Buddhists: "India's aim is the total subjugation of Sri Lanka."

Sinhalese distrust of India runs deep. Over two millennia, Sri Lanka's Buddhist majority has fought back periodic invasions from Hindu India. Sri Lanka's Tamils are Hindus too, and the Sinhalese tend to regard them as India's natural allies. The current round of Tamil-Sinhalese conflict goes back to 1956, when the

Sinhalese-dominated government made Sinhala the sole official language and restricted job and educational opportunities for minorities, effectively reducing the Tamils to second-class citizens.

Though Jayewardene eased those laws in 1977, hard feelings lingered. Tamil resentment erupted into sporadic violence. In July 1983 one of those incidents catapulted the country into war after Tamil terrorists ambushed and killed 13 Sri Lankan soldiers, enraged Sinhalese stamped through Colombo and killed at least 600 Tamils.

The rebels, dominated by the 3,500-man Tigers, demand a unified, indepen-

dent state of "Eelam" (homeland) for Tamils in the island's northern and eastern provinces. Outnumbered by the Sri Lankan military and poorly armed, the insurgents would not have gone far without assistance from India. Just 22 miles across the Palk Strait from northern Sri Lanka lies India's Tamil Nadu state, where the rebels maintain training camps. Despite this support, New Delhi did not endorse the Tigers' demand for independence, insisting instead that Colombo grant the Tamil regions local rule.

Jayewardene refused, but in recent months he became convinced that India was determined to stop Colombo's efforts to defeat the Tamil rebels. In June secret talks began through diplomatic intermediaries. Colombo agreed to Tamil self-rule, while India acceded to Jayewardene's request that it impose the settlement on the rebels—by force if need be. Asked at a news conference last week why he had not made those concessions before, Jayewardene drew gasps when he replied, "Lack of courage on my part, lack of intelligence on my part, lack of foresight on my part."

At the heart of the agreement is Colombo's promise to create a single, locally ruled Tamil province in northern and eastern Sri Lanka. By the end of the year, residents of the new region would elect a governor, chief minister and a cabinet. Since Tamils make up 92% of the northern area's residents but only 40% in the eastern region, easterners would decide by referendum next year whether to remain in the unified province. That provision is unacceptable to the Tamils, who fear that the easterners will pull out.

Gandhi tried to persuade the Tigers to sign the pact, but to no avail. An Indian air force helicopter picked up Tiger Chief Prabhakaran in Jaffna two weeks ago and brought him to India. During three days of discussions in New Delhi, including a meeting with Gandhi, the Tiger leader refused to go along, arguing that his fighters would not be safe without their weapons once Indian forces departed. Watched by paramilitary guards, Prabhakaran remained confined to his room at the government-owned Ashok Hotel while the treaty was being initiated in Colombo. The Tiger leadership and several smaller rebel groups declared that they would not even consider laying down their arms until Prabhakaran returned safely to Jaffna.

As the violence in Colombo's streets indicated, Jayewardene still faces serious obstacles in persuading the Sinhalese majority to accept the pact. On the day of the signing, the government declared a curfew in the capital and deployed soldiers to keep demonstrators from approaching the presidential residence. Senior police and military officers also had their hands full trying to keep their own unhappy forces in

Progress and resistance: Gandhi and Jayewardene shake on the accord; Indian troops arrive on the Jaffna peninsula; debris still smolders in the city streets





Sudden blow: at the farewell ceremonies, Gandhi is jumped by a sailor, who is quickly hauled off by guards

line. Said an enlisted man: "I have been wearing this uniform for four days. But what use is it? I am unable to support my own people." Obviously, though, dissent was not far from the surface: the sailor who attacked Gandhi was a Sinhalese.

While the ceremony took place, Prime Minister Ranasinghe Premadasa was busy giving alms of yellow rice, curd, fruit and cake to Buddhist monks. "I asked them not to sign this, even yesterday," he told the monks. "There is terror-

ism in Sri Lanka only because India is backing it." Since many of Jayewardene's ruling United National Party members feel no different, the agreement stands a slim chance of winning ratification in Parliament. Mere identification with the document appeared to be dangerous: late in the week a U.N.P. deputy who had attended the signing ceremony was assassinated by a group of Sinhalese men. Jayewardene has vowed to dissolve Parliament and call new elections if there is

no ratification. That threat may keep his party in line: given the Sinhalese anger at Jayewardene, elections would probably be a disaster for U.N.P. deputies.

If the fighting stops and the rebels are disarmed, Jayewardene could regain some support. But as India's 3,000 troops arrived in the Jaffna area last week, J.N. Dixit, the Indian High Commissioner in Colombo, heightened Sinhalese fears that India might be aiming at more than a temporary stay. When the troop deployment was announced, Colombo promised that the units would be under Sri Lankan command. Sounding a bit like a proconsul, Dixit told a Colombo news conference that the troops would answer to him. The next day Dixit retreated, saying the Indian troops were ultimately under Jayewardene's authority.

Even if the Indians plan to stay only long enough to disarm the Tigers, that may take more time than New Delhi or Colombo ever anticipated. By week's end the Indian peacekeeping brigade had yet to collect a single rifle from the Tamil Tigers. At the air base in Palali, on the Jaffna peninsula, Indian planes and helicopters were arriving around the clock with crates of ammunition, mortars and heavy equipment. To all appearances, the Indian force had come to stay for a while.

—By Edward W. Desmond.
Reported by Ross H. Munro/Colombo and K.K. Sharma/New Delhi

No Longer Mr. Clean

The slight injury that Rajiv Gandhi suffered when he was attacked by a Sri Lankan honor guardsman last week is not the only insult the Indian Prime Minister has endured lately. Just two years ago Gandhi, 42, was hailed as the most promising of leaders, an enlightened Prime Minister whose reputation for probity won him the nickname "Mr. Clean." Today, battered by corruption scandals, local-election defeats, the defection of ministers and worsening communal violence, Gandhi, 42, is widely regarded as pathetically inept. As the newsmagazine *India Today* put it, "Rajiv Gandhi is not just in crisis. He is the crisis."

Even as Gandhi was signing the peace pact in Sri Lanka, his government came under unprecedented attack in the national Parliament. Members shouted insults at one another and almost came to blows. The opposition staged sit-downs in the well of the lower house, shoving Gandhi supporters, grabbing the notes of a Cabinet minister and creating such a shrill racket that sessions had to be repeatedly adjourned. The dissenting M.P.s. who are outnumbered 4 to 1 by Gandhi's Congress (I) Party, were trying to stop the creation of a parliamentary committee to investigate a government contract with the Bofors arms company of Sweden, which has admitted paying some \$50 million into Swiss bank accounts for Indian officials. The opposition claims that any inquiry by a Gandhi-controlled committee would produce a whitewash.

Gandhi may be directly implicated, since he held the Defense Ministry portfolio at the time the Bofors contract was negotiated. The Prime Minister has also been accused of protecting friends suspected of illegal foreign-

currency transactions. As his prestige has plummeted, Gandhi has come under repeated assault by members of his own Congress (I) Party. Over the past month he has tried to reassert control by expelling from the party four former ministers who openly criticized him, including V.P. Singh, the driving force behind probes of corruption early in Gandhi's administration. Singh, 36, has emerged as the leader of a burgeoning opposition movement that embraces both Congress (I) Party dissidents and opposition leaders. Says V.C. Shukla, one of the former ministers expelled by Gandhi: "Unless Rajiv Gandhi goes, the Congress [Party] will be ruined."

Named Prime Minister just hours after his mother Indira was assassinated, in October 1984, Gandhi at first impressed his countrymen with his handling of problems at home and abroad. But recently his efforts have turned sour. The peace pact he negotiated with Sikh separatists in Punjab has been shredded by terrorists. Government bureaucrats have defeated his efforts to untangle red tape. His standing as a vote getter has been damaged by defeats for his party in six of the past seven state elections.

Gandhi is accused of being petulant, indecisive and dissembling. His response to criticism has been to hint that foreign powers are plotting to "destabilize" the country. Says *Indian Express* Editor Arun Shourie, one of Gandhi's harshest critics: "He is not a deep person. He says what he thinks will please you." Political insiders in New Delhi have taken to calling Gandhi "the Boy."

Despite his troubles, Gandhi still has the backing of a majority in the lower house of Parliament, where his party controls more than 400 of the 544 seats. But even if he survives to serve out his term, he will have an uphill struggle to carry on past the next national elections, which must be held by 1989.



Now "the Boy"?

PANAMA

The General Went to Work

But few others did as government opponents gained support

Shortly before sunrise, some 30 heavily armed security troops rode by truck into the posh residential neighborhood of Altos de Golf. Quickly, the Israeli-trained riot police fanned out in front of a white-walled house. Overhead, two Huey helicopter gunships hovered, soldiers and their machine guns peeking through the open doors. At 5:30 a.m., the first shots rang out.

Bullets flew from both sides of the white wall, turning the suburban street into a war zone. At 6:25, an officer picked up a megaphone and urged surrender. The message was directed at Colonel Roberto Díaz Herrera, Panama's former No. 2 military man and a vociferous critic of the country's de facto leader, General Manuel Antonio Noriega. Now Díaz Herrera taunted, "Tell Noriega to come and get me." An hour later police forced Díaz Herrera and a retinue of 45 guests, relatives and bodyguards from the house. All was quiet when, just a few blocks away, Noriega calmly emerged from his house at 9:35 and set off for work.

The general was among the few Panamanians to keep office hours that day. The raid on the Díaz Herrera residence coincided with the start of a general strike called by a broad coalition of groups determined to topple Noriega. The work stoppage was the latest evidence of mounting pressure for Noriega's ouster. The unrest began two months ago when Díaz Herrera publicly charged Noriega with corruption, election fraud and masterminding the murder of a leading opponent. Since then, the clamor to dump Noriega has grown more insistent. Indeed, Reagan Administration officials, anxious for Noriega to step down, said privately last week that they have begun to search for a successor behind whom they could throw their support.

But the general has made it clear that he is girding for a prolonged battle. In anticipation of the general strike, which for two days closed 90% of all businesses in Panama City, the government imposed a news blackout. Troops seized the offices of the leading opposition newspaper, *La Prensa*, and shut down two other papers as well. On Friday, Noriega's backers staged a rally of 50,000, many of them government workers, in the capital.

Noriega also took aim at the country's increasingly belligerent students. Early last Wednesday, several hundred students at the University of Panama protested the death of Eduardo Enrique Carrera, 24, a classmate who had been killed by police



Noriega waves from office

fire three days earlier. Though the military said Carrera was shot after scuffling with police, relatives claimed that the boy was slain after he shouted, "Down with Noriega!" Riot squads, known as the Dobermans, dispersed the demonstrators with tear gas and bird shot. Classes were suspended for the rest of the week.

Intimidation tactics seem only to have toughened the resolve of the National Civic Crusade, an assortment of 107 business, civic and student organizations that are pushing for Noriega's removal. Even the example made of Díaz Herrera, who faces up to 15 years in prison if convicted of sedition, has failed to subdue the Crusade's passion. Three days after Díaz Herrera's arrest, members of the opposition attended Carrera's funeral dressed in white, their symbolic color of protest, and passed out mimeographed statements.

What began primarily as a squabble between Noriega's cronies and affluent businessmen has mushroomed into a movement that now includes a large slice of Panama's middle class. Moreover, antagonism toward Noriega is spreading outward from the capital to points up and down the S-shaped isthmus. Last week's general strike closed hundreds of businesses in the provinces. "We were frankly surprised," said Ricardo Arias Calderón, an opposition leader. "The shutdown had a national character we hadn't expected."

The protest, however, did not affect activity along the Panama Canal, which grossed up to \$500 million a year.

U.S. officials found the strike encouraging. "Noriega won't be able to return to the status quo," predicted a State Department official. "Panamanians are desirous of legitimate democracy, and we support the move toward democracy." Washington's support has included the suspension of \$26 million in economic and military aid to Panama, following a June attack on the U.S. embassy by a pro-Noriega mob. Last week Panama paid \$106,000 to compensate for the damage. But by week's end, the U.S. had not yet agreed to thaw the freeze on aid.

Administration officials are quietly encouraging the opposition's efforts. The State Department hopes to persuade the White House to pursue a strategy that would include increasingly harsh public denunciations of the general, discreet overtures to members of Noriega's inner circle and, eventually, support for his replacement by a moderate military man who would serve as a caretaker until presidential elections could be held. The Defense Intelligence Agency is trying to help identify a potential successor, but the task is not an easy one. "There are some honorable, professional military men," says a U.S. official. "But Noriega has relegated them to the bush."

Washington officials sound more and more as if they believe Panama can quickly follow the Philippines and South Korea on the march toward democracy. "Noriega's days are numbered," says one official. "He just doesn't know it." Noriega, however, is not a man to be intimidated by the gringos. Panamanians say the general will go when his military staff of 19 colonels advises him that the moment is right—and not a moment sooner.

—By Jill Smolow, Reported by Ricardo Chavira/Washington and Laura López/Panama City



Protesters stage a midday rally, complete with white balloons, in the capital
Intimidation tactics seem to have toughened the resolve of the Crusade.

World



Hoisting pictures of Gorbachev and Lenin, demonstrators gather near Red Square

SOVIET UNION

Testing the Limits of Glasnost

Crimean Tatars take their protest a bit too far

The scene near Red Square last week surprised Muscovites, accustomed to rigidly enforced decorum. Some 300 Crimean Tatars assembled in a noisy all-night protest, holding placards and demanding the right to return to their traditional homeland. It was a dramatic test of Soviet Leader Mikhail Gorbachev's celebrated *glasnost* (openness) policy, and one that apparently went a bit too far. Soviet officials showed unusual tolerance toward the vigil, but when the rallies continued around the capital throughout the week, they lost patience, ordering the Tatars to disperse and banning further protests. Discomfited officials even reverted to the familiar tactic of blaming the U.S. for inciting the group's "antisocial acts."

Overall, the Tatars' activities presented the Soviets with a delicate challenge: how to open the door to *glasnost* a few inches without permitting the Tatars and other dissenters to swing it wide open. The Tatars are just one of many disgruntled minorities within the U.S.S.R. Their protest followed similar, often violent demonstrations by Soviet Jews seeking to emigrate, by Kazakhs objecting to the installation of a non-Kazakh local Communist Party leader, and by the Russian nationalist group *Pamyat*, which seeks to preserve Russian cultural heritage.

The Crimean Tatars number about 350,000 in the Soviet Union. A Turkic-speaking people, they originally settled in the Crimea in the 15th century and were granted an autonomous republic in 1921. Joseph Stalin in 1944 charged the entire population—some 250,000—with Nazi collaboration and deported them to Cen-

tral Asia. Nearly half were killed in the process. The Tatars have been seeking reinstatement of their homeland and a public apology ever since.

While the demonstrators failed to achieve these goals, they seem to have at least a few sympathizers in the Kremlin. Last month the Soviet leadership created a nine-member commission to look into Tatar grievances, and the Soviet news agency TASS issued a statement allowing that the wholesale eviction had been wrong. Last week Soviet President Andrei Gromyko, who heads the commission, met with 21 Tatar activists. While assuring them their demands would be investigated, he reportedly urged the group to leave Moscow and warned against further demonstrations.

Despite that admonition, several hundred Tatars proceeded to assemble in downtown Moscow's Pushkin Square, only to be rounded up by police and escorted to a remote location in the city's Izmailovsky Park. Several activists were later put on planes and forcibly sent to their home cities in Central Asia. Official displeasure was registered by TASS, which accused U.S. Embassy Political Officer Shaun Byrnes of inciting "nationalist manifestations." A U.S. diplomat was summoned to the Soviet Foreign Ministry to receive an oral protest.

U.S. Ambassador Jack Matlock dismissed the charges as "quite ridiculous," saying that meetings between American diplomats and Soviet minority groups were ordinary and legitimate. The crackdown on the Tatars, he observed, "brings home to us the real limits of *glasnost*."

—By Stephanie Thomas

Reported by James O. Jackson/Moscow

ARMAMENTS

Battle of Jericho

Moscow's minuet over a missile

Sometimes it is hard to tell not just the players but the game. Take the furor over Israel's Jericho II missile. Ever since the existence of the medium-range missile made headlines last month following a report in the Geneva-based journal *International Defense Review*, Moscow has been warning that the new weapon is an ominous escalation of the nuclear arms race. The Jericho II "is a direct challenge to the Soviet Union," claimed Radio Moscow in its Hebrew-language broadcast. Responding to reports that an advanced version of the Jericho II might have a range of 900 miles, the announcer added, "Israel's leaders must think twice about the effect of the development of a missile that can hit Soviet territory."

But the faint possibility that Israel might nuke the Soviet Union is not what the tiff is really about. Though Israel has never officially admitted building the new missile, let alone acknowledged that it produces nuclear warheads, the Jewish state has been known to be testing such a missile for at least a year. Analysts say the Kremlin is speaking out now only because it is engaged in a delicate diplomatic minuet. On the one hand, Moscow is pressuring the U.S. and its European allies to eliminate all medium-range missiles as part of a larger arms-control agreement. Last week, for example, Moscow demanded that U.S. warheads on NATO Pershing IA missiles deployed in West Germany be destroyed. The Soviets argue that any arms-control pact would be toothless if a strong U.S. friend like Israel continues to deploy such weapons.

On the other hand, Soviet Leader Mikhail Gorbachev wishes to simultaneously expand his influence in the Arab world and pursue overtures toward Israel. Thus he has recently sold to Syria at least one squadron of MiG-29s, the Soviet equivalent of Israel's American-made F-16 jet fighters, but refuses to supply Damascus with sophisticated SS-23 land missiles. The disclosure that Israel possesses a comparable weapon has forced Gorbachev to denounce the missile in order to curry favor with Arab nations.

Israeli officials, eager to improve relations with the Soviet Union, have responded gingerly to Radio Moscow's threats. "The Soviet Union itself knows it faces no danger from Israel," declared Foreign Minister Shimon Peres last week. Israeli officials privately spread the word that the Jericho II has a range of only 500 miles, which would mean it could strike Arab capitals but would fall short of Soviet territory. At the same time, however, it is believed that Israel is working on a longer-range version that would indeed bring the southern edge of the Soviet Union within its reach. ■

ISRAEL

"I Can't Even Kill a Chicken"

Accused Murderer Demjanjuk finally takes the stand

The burly, bullnecked defendant listened carefully as he was asked the most pivotal questions of the trial.

"Are you 'Ivan the Terrible'?" inquired Defense Lawyer John Gill.

"I never was and I am not Ivan the Terrible," said John Demjanjuk in resonant bass tones.

"Did you ever kill anyone?"

"Never," he replied. "I can't even kill a chicken."

After months of damning testimony against him, Demjanjuk, 67, a retired Cleveland autoworker, last week took the stand in his own defense for the first time. Throughout four days of grueling examination in a Jerusalem courtroom, Demjanjuk never wavered from his claim that he is a victim of mistaken identity. Israeli prosecutors contend that he was the sadistic guard named Ivan who tended the gas chambers at the Treblinka death camp, where 850,000 Jews were slain. If convicted, he could be hanged under Israeli law. Demjanjuk was deported to Israel after U.S. officials concluded he had lied on his 1951 immigration application.

Demjanjuk stumbled repeatedly as a panel of three judges and a team of well-prepared Israeli prosecutors poked holes in his personal World War II chronology. He maintains that he was drafted into the Russian army in 1941, was captured by



Stumbling denials from the defendant

the Germans in 1942 and served in German POW camps until 1944, when he joined the anti-Soviet "Vlasov army" in Poland. Asked why he failed at first to tell U.S. authorities that he spent 18 months at a POW camp in Chelm, Poland, as he now insists, Demjanjuk said he forgot. When told that the Vlasov army had not been formed until months after he says he joined it, Demjanjuk pleaded, "Even here in Israel I do not know what month or date it is."

As the trial headed into its sixth month, all of Israel remained captivated. The principal evidence against the accused is a photo identification card provided to the prosecution by the Soviet Union from its World War II archives. Made out in Demjanjuk's name, it was reputedly issued at the Trawniki camp in Poland, where Soviet prisoners were trained to be death-camp guards. The defense alleges that it is a forgery by the Soviet secret police, whose purpose is to embarrass anti-Soviet Ukrainians in the U.S.

But five Treblinka survivors have identified the man pictured on the ID card as Ivan, and several said they recognized Demjanjuk even now as their tormentor. "This is Ivan from the gas chambers," exclaimed Eliahu Rosenberg at a February court session. "I saw those eyes, those murderous eyes." Moreover, the prosecution has paraded a corps of experts to the witness stand to authenticate Demjanjuk's signature on the card and attest that the paper and ink date from World War II.

Demjanjuk's defense has not been helped by constant squabbling among his U.S. and Israeli lawyers. Nor have their tactics impressed the court. When Israeli Defense Attorney Yoram Sheffel argued that his client was the victim of a KGB conspiracy, he was interrupted by Judge Dalia Dorner. Said she: "All that I can say to you is that if this is your line of defense, then you really have a very, very severe problem."

—By Michael S. Serrill
Reported by Martin Levin/Jerusalem



Blind love: Bhutto and Zardari in London

Getting to Know You

She is the daughter of the late Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, once the Prime Minister of Pakistan. While still in her 20s, she rallied the supporters of her Western-educated father after he was overthrown in a 1977 military coup and hanged two years later. She became the official opposition leader in 1986 and a strong challenger to her father's nemesis, President Mohammad Zia ul-Haq. Last week the articulate Benazir Bhutto, 34, a graduate of Harvard and Oxford, astonished friends and foes alike by announcing that she had agreed to an arranged marriage to a wealthy Pakistani businessman whom she had met only twice before.

The prospective bridegroom is Asif Ali Zardari, 34, a handlebar-mustached building contractor and polo player. Like Bhutto, he is a member of a landowning family from Sind province. His father, once a supporter of Prime Minister Bhutto, remains active in opposition politics. The Zardari family reportedly broached the subject of marriage to Benazir's mother and aunt last year. Benazir and Asif subsequently met at a dinner party, but they did not get together again until two weeks ago, in London. Five days later the marriage plans were announced.

Bhutto explained that her decision had been based on "religious obligation and family duty," as well as political considerations. "My brothers and my sister had love marriages, so I'm the only one in the family not to have one," she said in an interview with the *New York Times*. Ordinary Western-style dating had seemed out of the question in Pakistan. "For me, as leader of a Muslim party, it would just not do," she said. After meeting Zardari, she decided that he was "nice and had a sense of humor and seemed to be a tolerant person [who] could handle having a wife who had an independent career of her own." The wedding will probably not take place until winter, by which time her followers—and Benazir—should have grown accustomed to the idea.

World Notes



Haiti: protest against resurgent Macoutes

HAITI

Return of the Bogeymen

When President-for-Life Jean-Claude Duvalier fled into exile in February 1986, most Haitians thought they were rid of the dictator's secret police, the murderous Tonton Macoutes (Creole for "Uncle Bogeyman"). Recent events suggest, however, that the bogeymen, though disbanded, are reasserting themselves at a time when the government's commitment to democracy and reform is itself in question.

The most terrifying example was the disruption of a protest march of more than 700 peasants seeking land reform in Haiti's arid northwest. In the hills above the town of Jean-Rabel, the group was ambushed by some 300 pro-landlord vigilantes armed with machetes. The death toll among the marchers was estimated at 100. The most ferocious of their attackers had been members of the dreaded Macoutes.

In Port-au-Prince last week, on the day once set aside to honor the Macoutes, a crowd of 2,000 protested the renewed influence of Duvalier's henchmen. Ironically, they reacted in vintage Macoutes style. They fired into the massed demonstrators, killing nine and wounding 15. In response, a coalition of grass-roots political groups called a general strike aimed at toppling the military-dominated government. Hai-

ti's leaders, the group asserted, are a "bunch of terrorists, fascists and Macoutes."

SECURITY

The Right Combination

Since the Marine sex-and-spy scandal came to light last March, security has been beefed up at the U.S. embassy in Moscow. Marines are under tighter restrictions. Sensitive reports are handwritten and delivered by courier. Push-button combination locks have been installed on many doors.

Still, there may be flaws in the system. Last week the wife of an American resident found herself locked out of the embassy's new housing compound. As she stood puzzling over an unfamiliar six-button lock, a Soviet militia officer strolled over. "I show you," he offered. The militiaman punched in the correct combination, opened the gate and gallantly bowed her through. He did, at least, securely lock the gate behind her.

SOUTH AFRICA

Approaching Thunder

Violence is often in the air in South Africa, but lately the atmosphere has turned especially ominous. When several doz-

en South African liberals returned from Senegal, where they conferred with leaders of the outlawed African National Congress, they were met at the airport by a jeering crowd of 200 angry whites assembled by the Afrikaner Resistance Movement, a paramilitary, neo-Nazi movement devoted to the preservation of white power. In the nominally independent homeland of Ciskei, Eric Mntonga, 36, a black leader of the organization that had arranged the Senegal meeting, was found murdered, his hands bound behind his back and his head bludgeoned. At midweek, a car bomb exploded near an army headquarters in central Johannesburg, injuring 68. The Pretoria government blamed the African National Congress but offered no proof.

SOVIET UNION

Trials and Errors

Youth, courage and a winning smile made Mathias Rust a folk hero in May, when he buzzed the Kremlin in his single-engine Cessna. But those qualities may not be enough to keep the 19-year-old West German from spending as much as ten years in a labor camp. Soviet authorities last week charged him with a packet of serious crimes, including "malicious hooliganism," and announced that he will go on trial within a month.

In another legal case, Viktor Bryukhanov, 51, the official in charge of the Chernobyl nuclear power station during last year's disaster that took 31 lives, was found guilty of gross violation of safety regulations and was sentenced to ten years in a labor camp. Two of his deputies also drew ten-year terms, while three others received shorter sentences.

CUBA

Men from Uncle Sam

The cloak-and-dagger series is Cuban TV's biggest summertime hit. But the players in the program, *The CIA's War Against Cuba*, are not actors. At least some are recognizable U.S. diplomats in Havana.

The gripping series, slickly produced by the government, includes convincing footage taken by Cuban counterintelligence of U.S. officials rummaging around in bushes near Havana, depositing and picking up bundles said to be high-tech communications equipment and caches of money. Cuban double agents come out of the cold to explain how they were paid by the CIA to spy on Fidel Castro.

The U.S. State Department has responded by expelling two Cuban diplomats from Washington. It has not, however, explained what all those Americans were doing in the bushes.



South Africa: government commandos inspect the results of a bomb attack

Law

More Rooms for The Big House

Alternative prisons spring up

In Connecticut, the department of correction is experimentally using two National Guard barracks as a temporary jail for drunken drivers. In Missouri and Oregon, prison authorities have renovated mental hospitals to house convicted felons. In New Jersey, where inmates have been sleeping in gymnasiums, classrooms and a chapel, officials are considering buying a World War II Navy troopship to use as a prison. Meanwhile, New York City is readying a second decommissioned Staten Island ferryboat to moor alongside the *Vernon C. Bain*, which has housed up to 162 prisoners on the East River since March.

Across the nation, law-enforcement officials are considering all sorts of imaginative and even outlandish ideas as they struggle with an endemic problem: the exploding U.S. prison population. Between 1980 and 1986, the inmate total shot up 78%, to nearly 550,000. In a dramatic protest against the incarceration crisis, the sheriff of Pulaski County, Ark., last week chained 50 prisoners, including 13 women, to trees outside the state prison at Pine Bluff because authorities said there was no room inside. Embarrassed officials quickly found space in the 696-bed complex, which is now officially operating at full capacity.

Budget constraints and long lead times for the construction of additional penitentiary space have helped spur the hunt for alternative prison sites. Corrections officials are also being prodded by judges: In 1986, at least 32 states were operating under court orders to reduce overcrowding in facilities. But an even bigger cause is the space crunch resulting from tougher sentences. "Until the public changes its mind on putting people away for long years, we're going to have a serious problem," predicts C. Paul Phelps, head of Louisiana's corrections department, which has 3,500 prisoners backed up in local jails awaiting space in state prisons.

Some of the solutions under consideration are vaguely reminiscent of the 18th century, when the English crowded thousands of prisoners into the hulks of abandoned ships. New York State, for example, hopes to be the successful bidder this month on the 870-passenger *F.A.B.*



Once a Staten Island ferry, the *Vernon C. Bain* is now a floating jail in Manhattan's East River

Pursuivant, a British troop barge. State officials want to use the vessel as a prison for 700 minimum-security offenders. The potential savings are considerable: as much as 70% over a comparable building, which would cost \$50 million to construct. New York City's floating detention centers, says Ruby Ryles, a city corrections department official, are a "quick fix" to a prisoner glut that has swelled the local jail population to 102% of capacity.

Nowhere is the problem more acute than in depressed Texas, where a revenue squeeze has forced lawmakers to limit the rate of prison expansion. The prison system, with a theoretical maximum capacity of 40,476, has been closed to new arrivals 17 times in 1987, most recently last week. Last spring authorities were forced to release some 1,000 inmates ahead of schedule. Even with quarters for 5,500

more prisoners in the planning stage, the state is still on the hunt for additional rooms at low-budget costs. Says Andy Collins, deputy director of operations for the prison system: "We're looking at everything seriously. The wilder ideas are looking better and better every day."

Many of those ideas are too bizarre to meet strict operating standards imposed on the Texas system in 1980 by Federal Judge William Wayne Justice. Nonetheless, entrepreneurs keep trying. Hard times in the oil patch have spurred hucksters to offer up abandoned office buildings, foreclosed motels and warehouses to the corrections department as makeshift pens. A few down-and-out Houstonians are even trying to foist off their homes as mini-detention centers.

Dallas Real Estate Man Anthony Gange is trying to coax the corrections department into buying an unfinished 108-room mansion owned by followers of the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, onetime spiritual mentor of the Beatles. Asking price: \$2.9 million. Houston Salvage Operator George Walsh is hawking one of Britain's Falkland Islands barges, currently in the South Atlantic, for \$6 million. The U.S. Government has offered to stash miscreants on offshore oil-drilling platforms.

Texas will have to make some decisions quickly. Despite its construction plans, the state faces a predicted 15,000-bed shortage by 1991. "What we've been doing hasn't been working," concedes Corrections Information Director Charles L. Brown. "We've got to try everything."

—By Richard Woodbury/
Huntsville

Rights Show Their Roots

If Roger Sherman had had his way, warrantless searches of homes might be routine today and girlie magazines could be banned from U.S. newsstands. Those and other speculative conclusions can be drawn from a four-page, handwritten draft of the Bill of Rights, penned in 1789, that came to light last week in the Library of Congress. The version of the Bill of Rights composed by Sherman, a signer of the Declaration of Independence as well as the

Constitution who was then a Congressman from Connecticut, contains eleven amendments. "Liberty of the press" is protected by Sherman's eighth amendment, but his second can be construed as sharply limiting free speech by requiring that it be expressed "with decency."

James Hutson, chief of the library's manuscript division, discovered the Sherman draft two years ago, while riffling through the papers of James Madison. Only recently did he authenticate the text. The document is the sole original draft of the Bill of Rights known to exist.



Drafter Sherman

Science

Frenzied Hunt for the Right Stuff

Washington pushes for U.S. superconductor supremacy

Ronald Reagan positively beamed before the audience of 1,400 scientists and businessmen at the Washington Hilton Hotel last week. Declaring that the "sky is the limit," the President pledged unprecedented federal support for private U.S. efforts to develop a suddenly glamorous new breed of materials: superconducting ceramics. The substances can convey electric currents with no loss of energy at temperatures much higher than conventional superconductors. They open the way for such marvels as levitating high-speed trains and tiny but immensely powerful computers. "The breakthroughs in superconductivity bring us to the threshold of a new age," Reagan said. "It's our task to herald in that new age with a rush."

The two-day session was an all-American jamboree that pointedly excluded foreign participants. Explained William Graham, the President's science adviser: "It is not so much a fear as a certain realization. The Japanese will move very aggressively in this area." Reagan outlined an eleven-point plan that ranged from the promise of \$150 million in Defense Department funds over the next three years to the relaxation of antitrust laws so that firms may collaborate on projects. Recalling remarks by Frank Press, president of the National Academy of Sciences, Energy Secretary John H. H. Herrington declared, "Superconductivity has become the test case of whether the U.S. has a technological future."

American scientists have eagerly pursued that future since last winter, when a burst of research activity rescued superconductors from relative obscurity. The excitement followed a discovery in the spring of 1986 by IBM scientists in Zurich. Their find: a metallic ceramic compound that became a superconductor at a temperature well above the previously achieved record of 23.2 Kelvin, or -418°F . By year's end researchers were developing materials that became superconductors at higher and higher temperatures. At the University of Houston, a team led by Paul C.W. Chu set the currently recognized standard last February, when it produced supercon-



Toward the future: demonstration of the Meissner effect at IBM lab

ductivity at a balmy 98 K (-283°F).

All at once a dazzling array of superconductor uses seemed tantalizingly possible. Researchers now estimate that high-speed computers using superconductors may be three to five years away. Farther off are 300-m.p.h. trains that float on magnetic cushions, which now exist as prototypes but may take at least a decade to perfect. Power lines that can meet a city's

electric needs with superconductor cables may be even farther in the future.

But getting superconductors from the laboratory to the marketplace will be no easy task. "What worries me is that people

may come to think that they're going to buy superconducting circular saws at Sears next year," says Don Capone, a physicist at Argonne National Laboratory near Chicago. Concur Nobel Laureate Robert Schrieffer, who shared the 1972 prize for developing a theory of how superconductors work: "It's time for everyone to catch their breath and try to understand what Mother Nature has presented us."

What she has offered so far is little more than a series of challenges. While the new superconductors are easily made, their quality is often uneven. Some tend to crumble when produced in batches of more than a few ounces. Others lose their superconductivity within minutes or hours. All are brittle and extremely difficult to fabricate into wires. Scientists, moreover, lack a full understanding of how the ceramics become superconductors. That makes developing new substances largely a hit-or-miss process. "It's quite similar to when Edison was trying many different materials for light-bulb filaments," says Paul Grant, manager of magnetism and collective phenomena at IBM's Almaden Research Center in San Jose.

Yet scientists continue to make steady breakthroughs. Among the most notable: a micron-thin film that IBM researchers developed in May to transmit useful amounts of electrical current without losing superconductivity. "That's when we all knew this thing was going to go," says Iowa State Physicist Douglas Finnemore. The film could be used in the micro-superconducting circuitry of advanced computers. Scientists at Stanford University are refining two prototypes that could eventually become high-speed pathways between computer chips.

No research is more active or controversial than the rush to raise the temperatures at which materials become superconductors. The effort is crucial because the cost of superconductivity drops as temperature rises. While some scientists have found fleeting traces of superconductivity at room temperatures and higher, most researchers remain skeptical. Still, sober-sided scientists are on the lookout for breakthroughs. Says IBM's Grant: "The



Superconductive wires made from brittle compounds

Suddenly, an array of uses seemed tantalizingly possible.

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Science

last eight months have removed the fetters from people's minds about just how high transition temperatures can go."

Researchers believe that any proof of superconductivity must include both a total absence of resistance to current and the phenomenon known as the Meissner effect. Defined as the exclusion of a neighboring magnetic field, the Meissner effect can be demonstrated by the ability of a superconductor to suspend a magnet in mid-air. "If you can float a magnet on the material," says Alex Zettl, a University of California, Berkeley, physicist, "there's not a scientist in the world that would not agree it's a superconductor."

Nonetheless, even substances that appear to pass both tests become suspect under closer investigation. The University of Houston's Chu recently reported that a fragment of one sample seemed to exhibit both the Meissner effect and no resistance to current at about 225 K, or -54° F. Superconductivity vanished, though, when researchers repeatedly warmed and cooled the ceramic. Zettl's team had similar problems when a substance showed an indication of superconductivity at 66° F, only to lose it entirely when it was heated further. Says he: "Ever since then we've been trying to reproduce the exact material. But it's like baking a cake—no two are alike, even when you follow the exact same recipe."

So far, researchers have been unable to reproduce the dramatic results at high temperatures. Their frustrations are likely to continue while theorists hunt for a fuller explanation of how superconductivity is produced in the new materials. Already, the long-held theory about superconductivity seems to break down at current experimental temperatures. "There are at least 50 competing theories," says Frank Fradin, associate laboratory director for physical science at Argonne. Until a proven theory emerges, engineers will be a little like explorers without compasses or maps.

Meanwhile, scientists around the world are rushing to turn the new materials into useful products. In Japan, Kawasaki Steel Corp. has produced a flexible superconducting wire that equals those made in the U.S. Scientists at Nippon Telegraph and Telephone Corp. have coaxed a record current through a superconductor at a temperature of 84 K. The practical-minded Japanese are optimistic about superconductors. In a survey of 21 leading Japanese researchers, most foresaw commercial superconductor applications, such as computer chips, within three years.

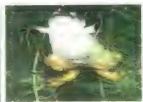
U.S. officials have little doubt that Japan is their primary overseas rival. Yet many superconductor researchers sharply disagree with the Administration's decision to close last week's conference to foreign scientists. The researchers argue that other countries could retaliate by cutting off Americans from the fruits of their research. Others are worried that, over the long haul, Washington may prove to be a fickle source of funds. "Money alone won't solve our problems," says Superconductor Pioneer Chu. "The Japanese have perseverance. I hope this country can be more patient. The superconductor payoff will be great. But it will take time."

—By John Greenwald, Reported by Dick Thompson/Washington and Dennis Wyss/San Francisco

Ribbiting Evidence

"Why don't frogs, which live in scummy, bacteria-filled ponds, get big-league infections?" Biologist Michael Zasloff asked himself that one day while observing an African clawed frog with surgical wounds in a murky lab aquarium. The question led Zasloff, chief geneticist at the National Institute of Child Health and Human Development in Bethesda, Md., to the discovery of a unique anti-infection process, announced last week, that may one day produce a new class of antibiotics.

"What we have found is a family of naturally occurring



The source: African clawed frog

peptides in the skin that can kill a range of microbes," explains Zasloff, who calls the molecules magainins, from the Hebrew word for shield. If there are any medical benefits to humans, Zasloff admits, they are years off. But he has already posed another question: "Why don't people get big-league infections in their bacteria-filled mouths when they bite their tongues?"

Milestones

RETIRED. Roger L. Stevens, 77, indefatigable chairman and guiding light of the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, a position he has held since 1961; in Washington. Stevens, a former real estate magnate and Broadway producer (*Bus Stop*), shepherded the actual complex into being in 1971. His successor: Ralph P. Davidson, 59, who steps down next year as chairman of the executive committee of Time Inc. and takes up Stevens' duties on July 1.

HOSPITALIZED. Edward Woodward, 57, British-born actor who plays Vigilante Robert McCall in CBS-TV's weekly drama *The Equalizer*; for a mild heart attack; in Warwick, England.

HOSPITALIZED. John Huston, 81, Oscar-winning actor-director whose credits include *The Maltese Falcon* and *The African Queen*; for bronchopneumonia and emphysema; in Fall River, Mass.

EXECUTION REVEALED. Of Fedor Fedorenko, 79, who in 1984 became the first

Nazi war criminal to be extradited from the U.S. to the Soviet Union; in Simferopol, Soviet Crimea. Fedorenko was stripped of his U.S. citizenship in 1981 for failing to report his service as a Treblinka concentration-camp guard. In June 1986 the Soviets convicted him of participating in the murder of 800,000 inmates.

DIED. Jim Bishop, 79, terse newspaper columnist and melodramatic you-are-there pop historian (*The Day Lincoln Was Shot*); in Delray Beach, Fla. Bishop also founded out *The Day Christ Was Born* and *The Day Kennedy Was Shot*, plus 18 other books, and wrote a thrice-weekly column from 1956 until 1983.

DIED. James Burnham, 81, pungent conservative columnist, author (*The Managerial Revolution*) and apostate Trotskyist who in 1955 became a founding editorial-board member of William F. Buckley's *National Review*; in Kent, Conn. The Chicago-born Burnham won renown for books (*The Struggle for the World*, *The Coming Defeat of Communism*) that

warned of an inevitable U.S.-Soviet confrontation. In 1983 he was awarded the Presidential Medal of Freedom.

DIED. Joseph E. Levine, 81, flamboyant movie mogul (*The Graduate*, *The Producing*, *Carnal Knowledge*); in Greenwich, Conn. Levine got his start in the 1950s by distributing films, later financing Federico Fellini's 8%. Levine was involved as producer, distributor or backer in 500 films.

DIED. Charles Stark Draper, 85, aeronautical engineer whose inertial-navigation system aided Apollo astronauts on their historic 1969 journey to the moon; of pneumonia; in Cambridge, Mass. An aeronautics and astronautics professor at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the Missouri-born Draper was one of 15 scientists named TIME's Men of the Year for 1960.



Jan. 2, 1961

Economy & Business

A Delicate Balance

Alan Greenspan, the new Fed chairman, will have to tread carefully

It was quiet, maybe a bit too quiet. America's economic problems seemed to be taking a summer vacation last week, as if to give the incoming Federal Reserve chairman, the new U.S. money czar, a few moments to plug in his computer terminal and sharpen his pencils before the first crisis. To a remarkable degree, everything was going Alan Greenspan's way, as the nominee prepared for the Herculean job of succeeding the retiring Paul Volcker. The Dow Jones industrial stock average zoomed to a new peak of 2572.07. The dollar, which had spent much of the past two years in a free fall, seemed to be holding its own. After hearings that Wisconsin Democrat William Proxmire described as a "love feast," the 20 members of the Senate Banking, Housing and Urban Affairs Committee voted unanimously to recommend Greenspan's confirmation. The full Senate is expected to approve the nomination before Volcker completes his term this week. Even Proxmire, who voiced philosophical differences with Greenspan, concluded, "I think you are a remarkable man."

Indeed, Greenspan, 61, will need to be one. The summer's respite can last only so long before the Fed nominee will have to deal with a flare-up among the many long-term economic woes the U.S. faces. America's giant twin deficits, in trade and the federal budget, are improving slowly but remain daunting. Their persistence could help send the dollar plunging again and pressure the Fed to bolster the currency with higher interest rates. Inflation has returned as a potential threat, while the Third World debt dilemma refuses to go away. America's aging economic expansion, now in its 56th month, is entering a precarious stage, increasing the odds that a recession could strike in 1988.

Greenspan's first goal is to reassure the financial world that he will be as politically independent-minded as Volcker was. During Greenspan's confirmation hearing July 21, a questioner asked the conservative nominee whether he might succumb to "muscle" from the White House to stimulate the economy with an easy-money policy as the 1988 elections drew near. Greenspan responded that he "obviously would reject" any such pressure and declared the Fed's political independence to be "terribly critical." He has little choice, money men say. "His life will be very difficult if he is perceived as someone who will play politics. He has got to

impress [central bankers] abroad, and the way to do that is by being a tough guy," says John Makin, director of fiscal policy studies at the American Enterprise Institute, a conservative think tank.

Yet Greenspan's closeness to the Reagan Administration could give him more influence over fiscal policymaking than Volcker possessed. Says Henry Kaufman, chief economist for the Salomon Brothers investment house: "Alan has a greater intimacy with people in the Administration and can argue his thoughts with them."

Greenspan aims to leave no doubts about his toughness as an inflation fighter. That quality is especially important now to the financial markets, which have been jittery about rising prices this year. Because of increased oil and food costs, the U.S. Consumer Price Index jumped at an annual rate of 5.4% during the first half of the year, up from just 1.1% during 1986. Declared Greenspan: "It is absolutely essential that [the Fed's] central focus be on restraining inflation." While most economists expect price hikes to ease to a relatively mild 4% for this year, a surge beyond that level is possible and would force the Fed to rein in the money supply—even at the risk of a recession. Says Economist Rudolph Penner, former director of the Congressional Budget Office: "Greenspan has to somehow walk a very narrow path" between sustaining the recovery and restraining inflation.

Volcker has been tiptoeing along a similar line all year. In April the Fed felt compelled to tighten the money supply slightly in a show of support for the sinking dollar. Taking care to avoid spooking the financial markets, Volcker conjured a warm-sounding euphemism for the Fed's action, which he described as "snugging." At the same time, inflation fears helped drive interest rates higher, which put a damper on the housing industry and created turmoil in the bond markets. Since then, the Fed's course has been close to neutral as the board waits for signs of the next economic turning point.

To some extent, Greenspan comes into his job as a caretaker, charged with the tricky task of preserving what Volcker has wrought: moderate growth and low inflation. While Volcker's crusade to

hold prices in line gave him a mandate to use strong-arm tactics at times, Greenspan will be expected to maintain the delicate balance that his predecessor had achieved at the end of his tenure. "Greenspan will be inclined toward fine tuning, not the sledgehammer approach that Volcker initially used," says David Hale, chief economist for Kemper Financial Services. Says Byron Wein, portfolio strategist for Morgan Stanley, the investment-banking firm: "I hope Greenspan will not be too creative."

He will have to be careful because the economic expansion he inherits is less than robust. After posting a healthy 4.4% growth rate during the first quarter of 1987, the economy slowed to 2.6% in the second period. Some economists see as much as a 50% chance of a recession next year because of stagnant spending by consumers, businesses and governments. Greenspan sees a downturn as a possibility, but a more remote one: "All I can tell you is that there is nothing visible on the horizon. But our horizon is rarely more than a year, and sometimes a good deal less than that," he said in testimony. Greenspan's sanguine view was supported last week by the Commerce Department's Index of Leading Indicators, an important barometer of future economic trends. It rose a healthy .8% in June, the fifth monthly increase in a row.

Foreign money men, who now hang on Greenspan's every word just as they did on Volcker's, are happy with what they hear from the new Mr. Dollar. In Japan and West Germany, where rising currencies have throttled export income and economic growth, central bankers commended Greenspan's assertion that the dollar has fallen far enough to bring a "very significant" improvement in the U.S. trade gap. After plunging by 47%, to a low of about 138 yen in late April, the dollar has now edged back up to the 150-yen range and has



posted similar gains against the mark.

Greenspan plans no radical new formula for dealing with the menacing \$1 trillion debt load of less-developed countries; he believes current strategies have improved the situation "really quite dramatically." Greenspan said he endorses the increasingly popular "market solution," in which debtor nations are encouraged to boost their growth by loosening the government strictures on their economies. Said he: "The centrally planned, socially oriented type of government that existed

in so many of the less-developed countries for so many years is now becoming an increasingly less acceptable way to function."

Probably the most significant difference that is emerging between Volcker and Greenspan is their approach to banking deregulation. While Greenspan favors lifting the ban on securities underwriting by commercial banks, Volcker has been leery of such a step. Greenspan is far more enthusiastic about allowing nonfinancial companies, such as automakers and

retail chains, to operate limited-service banks. His testimony on this position drew a sharp rebuke from Proxmire: "That shocks this Senator, and I think it should shock many others."

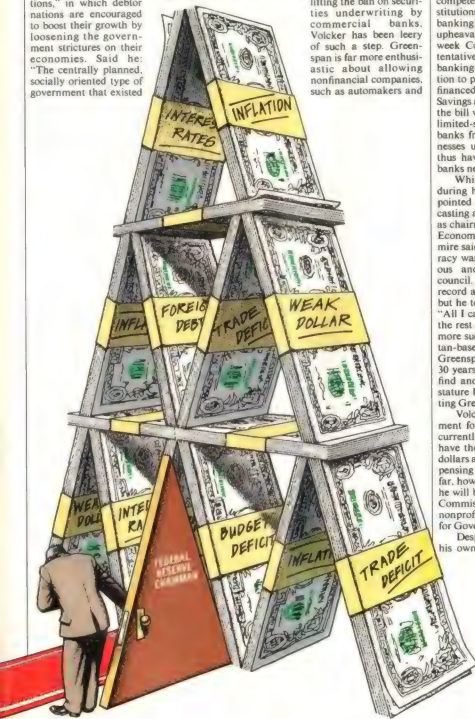
Greenspan pointed out that he is no deregulatory zealot, but believes commercial banks need more latitude in order to compete against freewheeling foreign institutions and Wall Street firms. In fact, banking's rules could go through historic upheaval during Greenspan's tenure. Last week Congress and the Administration tentatively agreed on the first major banking-reform bill since 1982. In addition to providing a \$10.8 billion industry-financed package for the ailing Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation, the bill will ban the creation of any more limited-service banks and will prohibit banks from entering any securities businesses until next March. Congress will thus have more time to consider giving banks new privileges.

While Greenspan drew little criticism during his testimony, Proxmire staged a pointed attack on the economist's forecasting ability. During Greenspan's years as chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers in 1974-1977, Proxmire said, the economist's record of accuracy was "dismal" compared with previous and successive chairmen of the council. Greenspan pointed out that his record as a private forecaster was better, but he took the comments in good grace. "All I can suggest to you, Senator, is that the rest of my career has been somewhat more successful." Last week his Manhattan-based consulting firm, Townsend Greenspan, which he had run for almost 30 years, closed because it was unable to find another chief economist of suitable stature before a July 31 deadline for putting Greenspan's assets into blind trusts.

Volcker, 59, who has been in Government for nearly 30 of the past 35 years, currently at a salary of \$89,500, will now have the opportunity to earn millions of dollars a year working on Wall Street, dispensing advice and giving speeches. So far, however, he has announced only that he will become chairman of the National Commission on the Public Service, a new nonprofit group that aims to foster respect for Government service.

Despite Volcker's legendary success, his own service was fraught with long-term frustrations that his successor will inherit. The primary one is that the money czar lacks the power to change America's most fundamental economic problem: the federal budget deficit. Only the Congress and the President can cut spending or raise taxes, and, laments Volcker, "the political impasse over doing something about it apparently remains." For that reason and more, he says, "my very able successor... will have challenge aplenty."

—By Stephen Knapp,
Reported by Gisela Datto/Washington
and Frederick Ungheiser/New York



Has Europe's Growth Peaked?

A slowdown could mean trouble for American exporters

Like a team of climbers nearing the top of a steep and dangerous mountain face, Western Europe's economies are beginning to show signs of fatigue. Though still pressing onward and upward, they face perilous obstacles, most notably the weak dollar. While Britain, Italy and Spain are still moving forward at a relatively brisk rate, such countries as West Germany, France and Sweden are faltering. And just as climbers roped together for safety can progress only at the pace of the slowest team member, growth is now being threatened by the economic laggards.

Such was the picture that emerged from a meeting last month of TIME's

counting on increased exports to Europe to help curb America's huge trade deficit, which hit a record \$169 billion in 1986. But there is no assurance that Western Europe can keep up its present consumption of American imports (\$59 billion last year), much less develop a greater appetite.

Blocking the path to robust European growth is the low value of the dollar. Despite recent gains, the U.S. currency is still down more than 40% against the West German mark and the French franc since early 1985. That decline has damaged many of Europe's export-driven economies by

rates. In Sweden, where GNP growth is expected to be only 1.5% this year, the interest rate charged by banks to prime corporate customers can be as high as 11.5%, compared with the 8.25% levied on similar loans in the U.S. Nils Lundgren, vice president of Pkbanken, a major Swedish bank, argued that the U.S. was responsible for pushing up interest rates around the globe because Washington must borrow so much money abroad to help finance the federal budget deficit (\$221 billion last year). Said Lundgren: "The U.S. is using up the savings of the world."

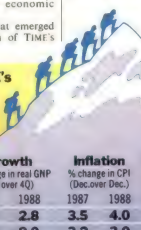
Europe's pacesetter is Britain, which is growing at a 4% pace. British businessmen are enjoying a new rush of confidence now that Conservative Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher has won a third term. But Samuel Brittan, an economics columnist for London's *Financial Times*, noted that Britain faced a real challenge in trying to remain an "island of rapid growth without an improvement in its main trading partners." The same task confronts Italy, which is expected to expand at a 3% rate this year. Said Guido Carli, former Governor of the Bank of Italy: "I doubt that Italy can sustain a growth rate that is higher than the overall average for the European Community."

Several of the economists agreed that an improved performance by West Germany was a key to continued European prosperity. Mast, for one, maintained that West German economic policy has been much too conservative. Said he: "Despite high unemployment and virtually stable prices—factors that would suggest an expansionary policy—the German government is stubbornly refusing to make any courageous move in that direction." Giersch pointed out, however, that the West German central bank had already increased the money supply to bring down interest rates and that a \$7.6 billion tax cut scheduled for Jan. 1 would also help boost growth. He recommended that further tax reductions worth \$10.8 billion, which are scheduled for 1990, be put into effect earlier.

West Germany and the rest of Europe may need lower taxes and a more expansionary money supply to help stimulate sluggish investment. High interest rates have discouraged many European companies from borrowing to build additional capacity or buy new equipment. Even cash-rich firms often hold back because they think they can earn a better return by lending out funds than by making capital investments. Complained Giersch: "We don't have enough investment because our firms would rather buy U.S. bonds."

As much as America needs foreign capital at the moment, the U.S. might benefit more in the long run if the European nations increase domestic investment and build up their economies. Only a healthy Europe can boost its imports and thus help the U.S. curb its dangerous trade deficit. —By Christopher Redman/Interlaken

Forecasts by TIME's European Board of Economists



	Growth % change in real GNP (4Q over 4Q)		Inflation % change in CPI (Dec over Dec)		Unemployment % of labor force (year-end)	
	1987	1988	1987	1988	1987	1988
BRITAIN	4.0	2.8	3.5	4.0	10.0	9.7
FRANCE	1.3	2.0	3.2	3.0	11.2	11.4
ITALY	3.0	3.0	5.0	5.0	11.9	11-12
SWEDEN	1.5	1.1	4.7	5.5	2.8	3.0
W.GERMANY	2.0	2.0	2.0	2.5	8.5	8.5
W.EUROPE	2.3	2.5	2.8	3.3	11.0	10.8
U.S.*	3.1	2.2	5.0	4.6	6.5	6.4

*Forecast by Data Resources

TIME Chart by Gordon Burt

European Board of Economists, held at Interlaken, in the shadow of the Swiss Alps. If all goes well, the economists said, Europe's five-year-old expansion could last at least through 1988 and the average growth rate of the major nations could be maintained in the current 2.5% range. TIME's board acknowledged, though, that dangers are looming and that pessimism is on the rise in Europe. Said Board Member Hans Mast, senior economic adviser to the Credit Suisse First Boston investment bank: "In today's climate of high real interest rates, Third World difficulties, heavy corporate debt and increased protectionism, many businessmen now share the view that a financial and economic collapse is a possibility."

Even a mild slowdown in Europe's growth rate would be bad news for the U.S. economy. Washington has been

making their products more expensive in relation to American-made goods.

Among the countries hit hardest is West Germany, whose GNP actually declined at a .5% annual rate in the first quarter of the year. Nonetheless, Herbert Giersch, an economist at the University of Kiel, predicted that more stimulative government policies would push the growth rate to 2% for 1987 as a whole. The outlook may be bleaker for France, which is heavily dependent on such exports as aircraft and telecommunications equipment. Said Economics Professor Jean-Marie Chevalier, of the University of Paris Nord, who predicted a 1.3% growth rate this year for his country: "There is now a mood of melancholy, anxiety and uncertainty about France's economic prospects."

A serious impediment to European expansion is the high level of interest



The carrier's dismissal of a mechanic stirred controversy about its maintenance procedures

Our Troubled Skies (Contd.)

Radar failures, Eastern's glitches and more bad luck for Delta

The air-traffic controllers stared intently at the glow on their radar monitor. Suddenly, without warning, the screen went dark. In an instant, the controllers had lost their all-important ability to track dozens of jets carrying hundreds of passengers.

This potentially scary scene occurred not just once last week but twice. At 9:34 a.m. on Tuesday, a primary computer at the control center in Leesburg, Va., which handles flights in the greater Washington area, lost electrical power for 30 seconds. Another brief outage, lasting 1 minute 40 seconds, occurred at 9:08 that night in the New England control center at Nashua, N.H. Both operations quickly switched to their emergency backup systems, and officials at the Federal Aviation Administration maintain that safety was not seriously compromised. But the disruptions delayed flights along the busy East Coast corridor.

The glitches contributed to yet another bad week for the airline industry, which has recently been hit by a frightening succession of near disasters. The FAA launched investigations of the two incidents and a check of computer operations at the agency's 22 control centers in the U.S. What apparently happened at Nashua was that a technician performing routine maintenance on the electrical system accidentally cut off its power. The FAA has not yet determined what caused the electrical problem in Leesburg.

FAA officials were taking a hard look at Eastern Air Lines, where some workers have complained that they have been forced to cut corners on maintenance. Since mid-July, the agency has conducted inspections of Eastern's operation at Boston's Logan International Airport. After an FAA visit last Thursday, the airline canceled or delayed several flights to make aircraft repairs.

Controversy about Eastern's maintenance record flared up earlier in the week after the airline fired John King, 45, a Boston-based mechanic. Eastern said King was sacked because he had falsely

accused the airline of violating safety procedures. As King tells it, he notified the FAA of problems with Eastern's maintenance procedures, including the fact that some repairs were not recorded in the mechanics' logbooks. In one instance last May, says King, his supervisor did not want to record a fuel leak on an Airbus A-300 jet because the plane might have to be taken out of service. King secretly made a tape of the supervisor's words: "I have no chance to move this aircraft with this stinking item in the logbook... We don't want any showstoppers. We want the plane to fly away." The leak was repaired, King admits, before the plane took off. Eastern denies that King has any evidence of improper maintenance.

The fuss at Eastern drew attention away from Delta's continuing bad luck. At Los Angeles International Airport, a SkyWest commuter plane collided on a taxiway with a Delta 767. Both planes were damaged, but no one was injured. The cause of the accident was not immediately clear. Meanwhile, two Delta jets had to make unscheduled landings: a 727 flying from Calgary, Alta., to Salt Lake City touched down in Great Falls, Mont., because of a pressurization problem, and an Atlanta-bound DC-8 returned to Las Vegas after it developed engine trouble.

Amid the growing public concern about airline safety, organizations of the fractionalized industry are showing a rare unanimity in demanding action. Groups representing the airlines, the pilots and corporate aircraft owners presented to Congress a plan to improve safety and service. It recommends that the Government use the current \$6 billion surplus in the federal aviation trust fund to meet such goals as expanding airport capacity and hastening the development of more modern traffic-control systems. Over the years, flying has been a safe way to travel, and the airline industry is determined to keep it that way.

—By Janice Horowitz

Reported by Gisela Bolte/Washington and Lawrence Makin/Boston

Blitz on Boeing

Pickens chooses a new target

Until now, T. Boone Pickens has limited his corporate raiding to the oil patch. But suddenly the investor, based in Amarillo, Texas, is taking a bit of advice from his best-selling autobiography, *Boone*: "It's important to show a new look periodically." Last week it was revealed that Pickens has set his sights on a surprising target: Boeing, the world's largest maker of commercial jets and a producer of military craft ranging from helicopters to cruise missiles. Pickens' investment group, Mesa Limited Partnership, is believed to have bought only about \$15 million worth of Boeing's stock, or just 2% of the company's shares. But Mesa has filed for and received Government permission to buy up to 15% of Boeing, which would cost more than \$1 billion.

Virtually no one on Wall Street believes Pickens intends to acquire Seattle-based Boeing (1986 sales: \$16.3 billion) and become an aircraft tycoon. Nor is it likely that Pickens would succeed if he tried, since a hostile takeover could cost as much as \$13 billion. Some investment pros believe Pickens aims to encourage a takeover bid by a large corporation like cash-rich Ford, which might be seeking high-tech acquisitions. As a major stockholder, Pickens could reap a fortune from any such merger. Alternatively, Pickens' strategy may be to force Boeing management to enhance its share price by launching a stock buy-back.

Pickens may have targeted Boeing precisely because of its depressed stock price: currently at 53, well below its estimated real value of at least 75. While the company has a lucrative backlog of nearly \$30 billion in aircraft orders, earnings are in a slump because of price wars in the airliner business and the high costs of developing a new generation of passenger jets.

Responding to Pickens' move, the Boeing board last week adopted a so-called poison-pill defense, which would increase the amount of outstanding Boeing stock and thus effectively dilute the value of the shares a raider might own. Boeing management also huddled with Washington State's political leaders to discuss the possibility that the legislature might adopt emergency anti-takeover laws, as Minnesota and North Carolina did recently when local companies were pursued by outsiders. In Washington State, any threat to Boeing (total employment: 121,500) raises deep emotions. Moreover, Air Force Secretary Edward Aldridge said last week that the Pentagon might try to block Pickens if his raid is perceived as a threat to Boeing's military output.



Mesa's raider

Business Notes



Autos: U.A.W. President Biebert, left, and GM's Warren open what may be tough talks over a new contract

AUTOS

Trying to Skirt a Strike

The traditional handshake that opens contract talks between the United Auto Workers and the big car companies has often seemed a bit forced. But when U.A.W. President Owen Bieber faced off across the bargaining table last week with Alfred Warren, the chief negotiator for General Motors, they had a powerful incentive to stay on friendly terms. Both sides know all too well that the share of the American car market captured by foreign competitors has risen from 23.5% to 28.3% since 1984. The Toyotas and Hyundais of the world would like nothing better than a U.S. auto strike when the U.A.W.'s contracts with GM and Ford expire on Sept. 14.

Despite their mutual interest in avoiding a walkout, the union and the automakers face tough negotiations. The U.A.W., alarmed that during the next 2½ years GM intends to close twelve plants employing 30,000 workers, is demanding something close to lifetime job security for its members. The union wants workers affected by the closings to be transferred to other parts of the company and insists that GM's unionized work force be held steady at 370,000.

Money, of course, will also be an issue. Though GM is struggling, Ford is raking in

record profits. During the first half of 1987, Ford outearned its much bigger rival by \$2.99 billion to \$1.9 billion. The average base pay of Ford's workers, meanwhile, has not gone up since 1984, when wages increased 2.25%, to \$12.82 an hour. The union will feel more than justified in demanding bigger pay hikes from Ford in the next three-year contract. And GM's workers will want equal treatment, even if their company's profits are shrinking.

BEVERAGES

Sour Episode For a Cult Brew

The astounding growth of Corona Extra beer, a Mexico City brew with a cult following that has made it the No. 2 imported brand in the U.S., apparently has provoked envious wholesalers of rival brands to resort to some below-the-beer-belly tactics. Last week one of Corona's U.S. importers, Barton Beers, revealed that suds fans in the West and Midwest have been shaken by a rumor that the brand is contaminated with urine. Barton's managers thought they had stopped the source of the malicious tale last month, when they settled a suit against a Reno-based distributor of Miller and Heineken whose employees were charged with spreading the story. But the rumor kept foaming up, which prompted

Barton last week to launch a campaign to reassure customers in its 25-state sales region that no such contamination has ever been found.

FINANCE

Peru vs. the Dollar Dealers

Alan Garcia has never shied away from controversy. Two years ago, the Peruvian President stood up against international bankers and defiantly proclaimed that his country would limit payments on its \$14.3 billion foreign debt to 10% of Peru's export earnings. Last week he dropped another economic bombshell. During a traditional Independence Day speech to the Congress, Garcia said that in order to halt the growing flight of capital from Peru—an exodus depriving the country of much needed funds for investment—he intends to nationalize all banks and insurance companies and shut down private currency-exchange houses. Furthermore, selling dollars in the streets would be made a criminal offense. Only foreign banks with branches in Peru, such as Citicorp and BankAmerica, would be exempt from the nationalization.

The source of Peru's financial crisis is its faltering economy. Peruvians, who have watched their savings being ravaged by a 100% annual inflation rate, have been rushing

to exchange their own currency, the Inti, for U.S. dollars that can be invested abroad. Under Garcia's new edict, the nationalized financial institutions will monitor and control all dollar sales, with the aim of keeping what remains of Peru's capital at home.

GAMES

This Contra Wants 25c

Inspired by Oliver North's testimony on Capitol Hill last month, more teenagers than usual are showing up at Marine recruitment offices. The less venturesome can rush down to their neighborhood video arcade—to play Contra. For 25c players can pretend to shoot their way through treacherous jungles without risking their lives or getting caught up in a covert operation. Since Contra's introduction in the spring, it has climbed to No. 6 on the chart compiled by *Replay*, a prominent video magazine, of the most popular arcade games.

Contra's manufacturer, Illinois-based Konami, insists that the name was chosen last October, long before the Iran-contra affair hit the headlines, and that the game's success is based mainly on its exciting electronic action. But it certainly does not hurt sales to have the name of the game mentioned on TV dozens of times a day.



Beverages: rumors kept foaming

Music



Black Mambazo singing free at the Bandshe'll in Manhattan's Central Park

Singing to the Rhythm of Dreams

Ladysmith Black Mambazo exports elegant African music

There are seven basses, one tenor, an alto and a baritone in Ladysmith Black Mambazo, but they sing with a single voice and a shared soul. "Remember," their founder and lead singer Joseph Shabalala will say, "when you are singing, you are free." Ladysmith Black Mambazo is from South Africa, and so it remains important to sing often and sing loud.

Paul Simon heard Black Mambazo when he was in Johannesburg in 1985, making tracks for the album that would become *Graceland*. The African National Congress got miffed at Simon, saying he had broken the cultural boycott by recording in South Africa. If this troubled any of the ten men in Ladysmith Black Mambazo, however, there has never been a sign of it. They collaborated with Simon on two of the album's most memorable tracks, *Homeless* and the incandescent *Diamonds on the Soles of Her Shoes*. *Graceland* became a surprise smash (6.5 million copies sold worldwide). It was also the impetus for a singular five-month concert tour, just wound down, featuring Black Mambazo and Simon in two hours of gentle political prodding and high harmonic spirits. Simon is the only white performer on the stage, but, says Shabalala, "Paul Simon sings like Black Mambazo. He sings easy."

Simon was the star of the show, but Black Mambazo was the surprise favorite, larking onstage for *Diamonds* in smoothly choreographed lockstep that summoned up

wistful memories of the slips and slides essayed by the 1950s R. and B. groups. The crowds who applauded then will be similarly beguiled by the group's first major American album, *Shaka Zulu*, produced by Simon and newly released by Warner Bros. Records. Anyone who missed the *Graceland* tour can tell from *Shaka Zulu* that, with its lofting a cappella harmonies and fleeting, figurative lyrics, Mambazo can sing the stars down to earth.

Black Mambazo can lay rightful claim to righteous roots. For one thing, as Simon points out, "their harmonies are major chords, three chords. It's gospel quartet singing, and that's also what doo-wop rock 'n' roll is based on." The group set Simon a merry chase, however, as he tried to follow its hairbreadth rhythm changes and split-second time signatures,

which are, he says, "far more subtle than in any gospel group that I have heard." He has passed along to Shabalala some gospel tapes, but inspiration still comes mainly from the same tap source. "Every time when I am sleeping," explains Shabalala, "I have music in my mind. All the time, like when you sleep, like a dream. There is a stage, but there are children not onstage. They are between the stage and the sky, floating and always singing. They are like my teachers who teach me exactly this sound."

Shabalala, 45, had formed other groups before, but it was only Ladysmith Black Mambazo that managed to capture the sounds of his dream. He grew up in grasslands near Ladysmith, in the province of Natal. (The group's name translates as the Black Axe of Ladysmith.) The eldest son of eight children, he made his way to a factory job in Durban. In 1969 he began to put Black Mambazo together. The group, which now includes five family members, started to make albums in 1972, even before they were quite sure what the contrivance was. "We didn't know what they were called," Shabalala recalls. "Someone says, 'They are called records.' We just think radio is one who makes records."

That confusion was soon cleared up, and there have been a total of 25 albums to date, all of which have been hot sellers in South Africa. "I think Joseph is a very powerful figure in that country," Simon says, "and I understand that he has been making money. But they are all very private. I really don't know what it is like to live in a Zulu township." Shabalala has returned to his family—Wife Nellie and nine children—all but one of whom live in a ten-bedroom house in Claremont, a Zulu township outside Durban.

The group is lighthearted in public, but Simon points out that "they are quite sophisticated. People sometimes treat them as if they were innocent children."

Shabalala, a minister in the Church of God of Prophecy, is spiritual about his music ("It heals"), but notably circumspect about politics: "I don't like to talk about things which I don't know, because... who knows?" He can vividly describe, however, some of the small victories. He speaks of singing in Cape Town after the release of *Graceland* "twice a day. It was our first time to sing in the hall to only white people like that." And once, he recalls too, "Paul Simon just come near with me, he just talk with me." Shabalala reached out for him. "It was my first time," he says, smiling, "to hug a white guy."

—By Jay Cocks, Reported by Elizabeth L. Bland/Philadelphia

More Than Feelings

The mellifluous ballad has been crooned by everyone from Julio Iglesias to Bill Murray. But when French Composer Lou Lou Gasté

first wrote *Feelings* for the first time in 1977, he could not believe his ears. Reason: the song was indistinguishable from one he had written 21 years earlier called

Pour Toi. Once Gasté discovered that *Feelings* had made a fortune for its composer, Brazilian Morris Albert, he decided to sue for copyright infringement. Albert maintains that he had never heard *Pour Toi* before writing *Feelings*. A federal district court last week ruled for Gasté, awarding him 88% of all royalties earned since 1983, or \$501,000. Said a jubilant Gasté: "I want to thank American justice for giving me my baby back."



Composer Gasté

Environment

COVER STORY

Shrinking Shores

Overdevelopment, poor planning and nature take their toll





**WESTHAMPTON
BEACH, N.Y.**

LONG ISLAND
ATLANTIC OCEAN

Waves lap beneath
oceanfront homes
left high, dry and
uninhabitable on a
ravaged beach

—JAMES GORDON—PHOTO RESEARCHERS



**CHESAPEAKE
BEACH, MD.**

Washington,
D.C.

CHESAPEAKE
BAY

**Residences sit
perilously on a
sandy cliff that has
been devoured by
wind and water**

Patricia and Francis O'Malley bought their summer home in Long Island's fashionable Westhampton Beach four years ago. "There used to be a dune in front and a beach in front of that," Patricia recalls. "The very first winter we had a horrible storm, and we lost the dune." Two years later gale-force winds blew the house's roof and top floor off. "We rebuilt a whole new house. Since then, we've lost 8 ft. of sand." Now, she complains, "there's water under the house. The steps are gone. The houses on both sides of ours are gone." She adds bitterly, "And they say you can't lose in real estate." The O'Malleys figure their home will wash away completely by next year. The potential loss: hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Jan and Bill Alford's troubles began during the devastating winter storms of 1982. That January a 15-ft. chunk of earth slid away from in front of their bluff-top home in Bolinas, Calif., about 30 miles north of San Francisco, and crashed to the beach below. A year later another 15 ft. vanished, leaving the house just a few feet from the edge of a 160-ft. cliff. So, in the summer of 1984, the Alfords moved their 1,300-sq.-ft. house 32 ft. back from the edge. Then came Valentine's Day 1985. Following unusually high tides, 30 ft. of land dropped into the sea. The foundation of the house remained just a foot from the precipice, with nothing but air between the guest-room deck and the surf below.

"We loved the lot," says Jan. "On a clear day, you could see all the way to San Francisco. We tried everything to save it, but the erosion just didn't stop." Last autumn the Alfords moved their home again, this time hauling it a third of a mile to a new site more than 300 ft. from the cliffside. The cost of the two moves: \$80,000.

The problem is hardly limited to New York and California. The scourge of coastal erosion is felt worldwide, especially in such countries as Britain, West Germany and the Netherlands, where ocean-front property has been heavily developed. In the U.S., entire coastal areas are disappearing into the sea. Virtually every mile of shoreline is affected in every state that borders an ocean, as well as those on the five Great Lakes, where large chunks of waterfront property have been lost or damaged due to record-high water levels in recent years. Some 86% of California's 1,100 miles of exposed Pacific shoreline is receding at an average rate of between 6 in. and 2 ft. a year (the cover photo shows the coast northwest of Santa Barbara). Monterey Bay, south of San Francisco, loses as much as 5 ft. to 15 ft. annually. Cape Shoalwater, Wash., about 70 miles west of Olympia, has been eroding at the rate of more than 100 ft. a year since the turn of the century; its sparsely settled sand dunes have retreated an astounding 12,000 ft., or more than two miles, since 1910.

Parts of Chambers County, Texas, have lost 9 ft. of coast to Galveston Bay in the past nine months. Louisiana has shrunk by 300 sq. mi. since 1970; entire

parishes may disappear in the next 50 years. At Boca Grande Pass, an inlet on the Gulf Coast of Florida, some 200 million cu. yds. of sand have been carried seaward by the tidal currents. In North Carolina, where erosion this year alone has cut into beachfront property up to 60 ft. in places, the venerable Cape Hatteras lighthouse is in peril of the encroaching sea. Soon it must either be moved or surrounded by a wall. Otherwise, it is likely to suffer the fate of the Morris Island light, near Charleston, S.C. Once on solid land, it now stands a quarter of a mile offshore.

Coastal erosion is only one of the natural processes that have altered the world's shorelines ever since the oceans first formed some 3 billion years ago. Over geologic time, the daily scouring action of waves and the pounding of storms, as well as the rise and fall of ocean levels, have changed coastlines dramatically. "Sandy beaches are dynamic. They are meant to erode," says Richard Delaney, chairman of the Coastal States Organization, a group that advocates better coastal management in 30 states (including those that border the Great Lakes) and five territories. The problem, however, is Americans' passion for living and vacationing at the seashore. That has led to a boom in the development of U.S. coastal areas since World War II. "When you put a permanent structure onto a piece of land that is by-nature mobile," says Delaney, "you have a very serious problem."

"If we had known 30 years ago what we know now, New Jersey and much of the rest of the country would be in better shape," admits Governor Thomas Kean, a strong believer in shoreline protection. "We wouldn't have built in those areas, and we wouldn't allow people to build in those areas." Even now, however, billions of dollars worth of coastal development—some would say runaway overdevelopment—cannot simply be abandoned. Says Chris Soller, management assistant of the National Park Service's Fire Island National Seashore, off Long Island: "It's a tough tightrope to walk. Our whole concept of property rights clashes with the natural process."

Along with property, receding U.S. coastlines threaten the survival of shore-dwelling wildlife. Florida's sea turtles, for example, including loggerheads, green turtles and others, cross hundreds of miles of ocean to lay eggs on the same sections of the same beaches. If the beach has eroded badly, a turtle is forced by instinct to use it anyway, dooming the eggs to be washed away or eaten by seabirds and raccoons. Least terns, Gulf Coast shellfish and beach-spawning fish, like the California grunion, are also in danger.

In the past few decades, as property owners began to demand that coastal areas stay put—by buying up seaside property and erecting multimillion-dollar beachfront houses, condominiums, hotels and resorts on the shifting sand—the natural process of erosion began to matter to



**BOLINAS,
CALIF.**

PACIFIC
OCEAN

San Francisco

**A partially collapsed
house perches on
the edge of a bluff
damaged by storms
and high tides**

growing numbers of Americans. Along with the roads, parking lots, airfields and commercial interests that serve them, development projects not only put more people and property in harm's way but also unwittingly accelerated the damage to U.S. coastal areas.

How? On the West Coast, houses perched atop cliffs create new runoff patterns for rainfall and irrigation; combined with seepage from septic systems, the drainage weakens the land itself. On the East and Gulf coasts, the major problem is destruction of beaches and sand dunes that normally check the ocean's force. Of particular concern are the 295 barrier islands—strips of sand dune, marsh and sometimes forest—that protect most of the U.S. coast from Maine to Texas. Not surprisingly, they are considered prime development spots: Atlantic City, N.J., Virginia Beach, Va., and Hilton Head, S.C., among others, were all built on barrier islands.

It is mainly the dunes, explains the National Park Service's Soller, that keep coastal areas, including barrier islands, intact. "The natural process is for dunes to roll over on themselves," he says. When the ocean breaks through, "what was once the secondary dune becomes the primary dune. The beach retreats as the ocean level rises. When you have houses on the beach, there's no place for the dunes to move."

In Ocean City, Md., developers hop-

ing to reinvent Miami Beach, where a single mile of oceanfront is now worth an estimated \$500 million, began building high-rises on the dune line in the 1970s. So that people on the lower floors could have an unimpeded view of the ocean, the dunes were simply bulldozed away. Since then, the ocean has come to see the tourists: beneath many buildings, pilings are exposed to the waves. At Garden City, S.C., just south of Myrtle Beach, where big condos dot the waterfront, crumbled seawalls and wrecked swimming pools testify to the power of storms unchecked by protective dunes.

Sand dunes can also be destroyed in subtler ways. For a dune to form in the first place, sand must somehow be trapped, much as a snow fence traps drifting snow. That something is dune grass. After the dunes form, the roots anchor the sand in place. "Dune grass is pretty hardy stuff," explains Stephen Leatherman, a University of Maryland coastal-erosion expert. "It can take salt spray and high winds. But it just never evolved to take heavy pedestrian traffic or dune buggies." Since the plants depend on chlorophyll in their green leafy parts to convert sunlight into food, he says, and since there is only so much food reserve in the roots, "a couple of weekends with a few hundred people walking back and forth to the beach, or a single pass from an

off-road vehicle, kills off the dune grass."

On the Gulf Coast, the erosion of dry land is only part of the problem. Vast areas of wetlands normally protected by barrier islands off Louisiana are disappearing as well. In both Louisiana and Texas, where channels deep enough for barges have been cut through marshes, the dredging and waves caused by ship and boat traffic have accelerated the normal process of shoreline loss. What is more, salt water from the Gulf of Mexico has flowed into the marshes, endangering local fisheries.

Along a broad expanse of southern Louisiana, between the Atchafalaya and Mississippi rivers, a million acres of wetlands have disappeared since 1900. Scientists now estimate that an additional 60 sq. mi. are vanishing every year—a rate that could double by 1995. "It's a catastrophe that's happening to the wetlands. You're looking at the genocide of an entire ecosystem," says Oliver Houck, a Louisiana environmental lawyer. Indeed, the loss of the state's marshes affects more than just local residents: the area provides almost 30% of the nation's fish harvest and 40% of the fur catch, and is a winter habitat for some two-thirds of the migratory birds in the Mississippi flyway. Says Oysterman Matthew Farac, speaking of the 32-mile stretch from the mouth of the Mississippi to Empire, La.: "There is no land left. It's all gone now."

BARRETT—CAMMA/CIS/SON



Swept Away at Chatham

On the day after New Year's, 1987, 20-ft. waves whipped through Cape Cod's Nauset Beach half a mile off Chatham, Mass. The storm left behind a small breach in the twelve-mile-long sand barrier that separates the ocean from Pleasant Bay and protects the coastline from East Orleans south to Morris Island. Since then, the seas have pried apart the opening a full half-mile. No longer impeded by the barrier beach, whitecaps roll into the once quiet bay; high tides are now about a foot higher than a year ago, and the relentless waters have gouged away as much as 50 ft. of sand and dunes in places along the Chatham shore. Some property, sheltered for 40 years from hurricanes and northeasters by the quarter-mile- to half-mile-wide strip of sand, now directly faces the raging seas. Says Marina Owner Tom Marshall: "We're looking down the barrel of a gun."

In the past seven months, Nauset Beach and the tidal coves, bays, marshes and shoreline property it protects have become a laboratory of coastal change. Navigable channels have shifted, favorite bathing beaches have been savaged, wildlife habitats remade and marine ecosystems revitalized. Like many barrier beaches along America's East and Gulf coasts, Nauset is essentially a large sand ridge built up over some 3,000 to 4,000 years by incoming tides that scraped up deposits on the floor of the gently sloping continental shelf. Because they are little more than piles of sand, these outer beaches often yield to the same forces of wind and wave that sweep away a child's sand castle. They erode, change shape and sometimes disappear; they also reappear, often in the same spot.

This pattern of destruction and rejuvenation has been well documented at Nauset Beach, which has sheltered Chatham homes and fishing fleets off and on ever since the first Puritan family settled there in 1656. The beach has been breached by the ocean, then resealed, in what appears to be a regular 150-year cycle. The new Nauset break is about two miles south of another that was created by storms in 1846. During the next 70 years, the sheared-off southern tip initially washed away, then reformed closer to the coast and eventually joined the shoreline. Meanwhile, the remaining northern stump of Nauset grew southward. Fed by sediment eroded from the sea cliffs of Eastham and Wellfleet to the north, Nauset was rebuilt. By the 1940s, the sandy barrier once again protected the Chatham coast.

It took the savage blizzard of 1978—when three days of snow, raging surf and hurricane-force winds carved 30-ft. chunks out of sandy cliffs and destroyed hundreds of homes—for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to learn that nature is stronger than brick, mortar and building codes. Permits to build on ecologically sensitive areas became harder to acquire. Construction on coastal barrier beaches virtually stopped. The state now provides little help to protect sea-damaged property and prohibits the emplacement of all man-made barriers, from seawalls to sandbags. "Anyone with a house on the shore," says Chatham Selectman Andrew Young, "has to be aware of the variability of the coastal system, especially when it is sand based."

This hands-off attitude has created a quandary for homeowners like William Doggett, an executive from Wellesley, Mass., whose property on Little Beach, just south of the Nauset break, is threatened by erosion. Though he is resigned to the law, Doggett feels there must be a way to save the two-story shingled house that has been in his family since 1943. With little other recourse, he and his neighbors have replenished their beaches with some 80 truckloads of sand from Marshall's marina, where the access channel is choked

with the stuff. Others are making the most of the situation: despite having to contend with newly created shoals, fishermen use the inlet as a shortcut to the ocean. Two artists have already designed Nauset breach T-shirts that are selling briskly, and local merchants are delighted by the above-average number of tourists flocking to Chatham to see nature's handiwork just offshore.

Despite the perils and possibilities for local residents, scientists believe the Nauset break will be an overwhelming boon to the ecology of the area. The new natural pipeline from the Atlantic has helped cleanse the stagnating bay waters inside the beach. As a result of the higher, stronger tides, the ocean water is helping to flush away excess phosphates, nitrates and other septic-tank pollutants from Pleasant Bay and surrounding tidal areas. Cleaner water means healthier and more plentiful aquatic wildlife. Bay scallops, for example, should flourish because lower nitrate levels mean less algae on the eel grass on which scallop larvae grow. Striped bass and bluefish in recent years have suffered lowered birth-



Work of wind and wave: the Nauset breach

rates, in part due to pollution: cleaner water may not only boost their fertility rate but also increase the populations of alewife and silversides they feed on.

Birds too should benefit from the break. Waders, such as snowy egrets and black-crowned night herons, will have more sand flats available for feeding, thanks to the lower ebb tides. The two-mile-long southern beach, now an island, is less prone to invasion by noisy, trampling humans and hungry dogs and raccoons. It could become a nesting place for several species, including piping plovers, least and common terns, marsh hawks and short-eared owls. If in fact it turns out to be a new refuge, the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service may abandon plans for a selective poisoning of herring gulls on nearby Monomoy Island to the south, where a population explosion of the gulls has threatened to crowd out the local plovers and terns.

It is possible that the sea may not be entirely unkind to the human denizens of Nauset. Marine scientists say there is a chance that sand pushed landward from the inlet will form new sandbars that may absorb some of the ocean's fury. Meanwhile, hauling sand between Marshall's marina and Little Beach is about all that can be done. And what if that doesn't work? Says Tom Marshall: "We'll just have to close the door, shut off the electricity and head for Vermont." So far that has not happened.

—By Dick Thompson.

Reported by William Sonzski/Chatham

In the bayou country, the intrusion of salt water from the Gulf has been aided by miles of canals and pipeline rights-of-way dredged by oil and gas companies. Ordinarily, much of the salty water would be forced out of marsh areas by seasonal freshwater overflows from the nearby Mississippi. But the river now rarely floods, thanks to massive levees built along its banks to protect riverside land. The combination of saltwater intrusion and freshwater cutoff, says Houck, leaves the wetlands "caught in a double whammy. You couldn't do a better job of screwing up Louisiana if you planned it." Wilma Dusenberry, a Chauvin, La., restaurant owner, reflects the fears of many who depend on the bounty of the wetlands: "If we lose the marsh, we lose our livelihoods."

Shoreline erosion, however, is exacerbated by less well understood—and perhaps more ominous—factors. Over the past 100 years, the ocean has risen more than a foot, a rate faster than at any time in the past millennium. Sea-level fluctuations are part of a natural cycle, but scientists suspect that this one may be different. They believe it is magnified by a fundamental change in world climate caused by a phenomenon called the greenhouse effect. Since the Industrial Revolution, people have been burning greater quantities of fossil fuels, such as coal, oil and gas. One by-product is carbon dioxide, which has entered the atmosphere in ever increasing amounts.

While carbon dioxide allows the warming rays of the sun to reach the

earth, it blocks the excess heat that would normally radiate out into space. As a result, the atmosphere is gradually growing warmer, thus melting the polar ice caps and raising sea levels. It may be years before scientists determine just how significant the greenhouse effect is—but they know the process is accelerating. Sea levels are expected to rise at least a foot in just another half-century.

While the oceans are rising, some coastal land is actually sinking. Much of the East Coast, for example, is made up of silt sediments deposited from rivers, bays and inlets over the past 5,000 to 8,000 years. As the sediments gradually compress under their own weight, the surface sinks lower. On the Gulf Coast, a process called subsidence, caused in part by the extraction of groundwater and petroleum from subterranean layers of sand and clay, has forced the land, already virtually at sea level, to drop 3 ft. a century. In all, the coastline of the northeastern U.S. may recede an average of 200 ft. in the next 50 years; in some parts of Florida, where the land is flatter, the sea might move in as much as 500 ft.

There is an additional complication on the West Coast. Periodically, a warm-water current in the Pacific shifts eastward in a pattern called El Niño, a Spanish eponym for the Christ Child, so called because it appears off South America around Christmastime. The result: higher sea levels, unusually high tides and severe

winter storms along the western coast of the Americas. During the most recent major occurrence of El Niño, in the early 1980s, sea levels along the California coast rose an average of 5 in. With the added tides and storms, the effects were catastrophic. Thomas Terich, a professor of geography at Western Washington University, warns that even a slight permanent rise in the average sea level could wreak worse havoc. Says he: "The sites with the highest value—the sandspits and low beachfront—are going to be severely threatened."

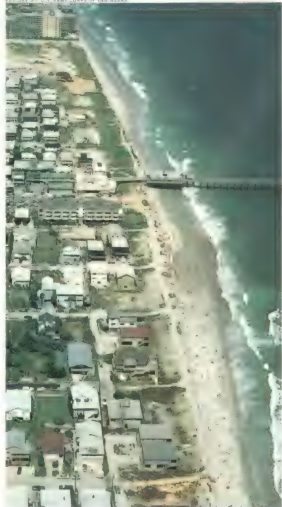
For all the danger, people still want to own seafloor property. And why not? They are still protected—and encouraged—by knowing that they can write off storm damage on their taxes.* In many cases, they can depend on federal flood insurance for at least partial reimbursement in case of disaster. Environmentalists believe the insurance program actually encourages building in high-risk locales. Says Town Councilman Neil Wright, of Surfside Beach, S.C.: "It's an incentive to build in dangerous places. The feds need to change the rules."

Federal flood insurance has traditionally reimbursed owners for rebuilding, rather than for relocating houses to safer ground. The owners of the Sea Vista Motel on Topsail Island, N.C., whose property was damaged in 1985 by Hurricane Gloria, wanted to move inland, but their federal insurance would not cover the

*Since damage lowers the value of an investment, owners can deduct the amount as a capital loss.



TOP DAY 5 - U.S. ARMY CORPS OF THE ARMY



DAY 5 - U.S. ARMY CORPS OF THE ARMY



WRIGHTSVILLE BEACH, N.C.

Topsail Beach
Wilmington



For a price tag of \$2.95 million, the dwindling sands were replenished in 1981

\$150,000 cost. It would, however, pay \$220,000 for repairs and renovations. The motel stayed put. Then came last winter's New Year's storm, which tore out all 15 of the first-floor units. Says Manager Frances Ricks: "There's a feeling we can't win."

That does not stop people from trying. The growing damage to oceanfront property has generated a host of makeshift solutions to erosion. On Galveston Bay, desperate ranchers have positioned junked cars on the shore to prevent the waters from washing away roads. Conservation officers are planting dense patches of cordgrass just offshore in an effort to buffer the bay's clay banks from the relentlessly lapping waters. To protect the transplants until they take hold, conservationists have jury-rigged a protective barrier of old Air Force parachutes in the water to absorb and attenuate the force of the waves. Harry Cook, a Texas shrimp, is considering wire mesh and old tires to keep the bay waters from chewing away any more of his bluffs, which he is losing

at the rate of 10 ft. yearly. On Long Island, beach residents shore up dunes with driftwood and old tires. And in Carlsbad, Calif., the community has come up with a number of ideas, from planting plastic kelp to laying a sausage-like tube along the beach in order to trap sand normally washed away during high tide.

There are more substantive approaches to beach protection. When properly designed and built, they can slow beach erosion. Nonetheless, most are ineffective in the long run and can actually exacerbate damage. A seawall, for example, may protect threatened property behind it, but it often hastens the retreat of the beach in front as waves dash against the wall and scour away sand. Louis Sodano, mayor of Monmouth Beach, N.J., knows the process firsthand. "When I moved here 28 years ago, you could walk the whole beach," he remembers. "Now the waves slap against the wall. We've lost 100 ft. of beach in the past 28 years."

A variant on the seawall that can also hasten erosion is riprap—rocks and boulders

piled into makeshift barriers to absorb the force of incoming waves. While seawalls and riprap run parallel to the beach, groin fields extend directly out into the water. Made up of short piers of stone extending from the beach and spaced 100 yds. or so apart, they can slow erosion by trapping sand carried by crosscurrents. But down current, the lack of drifting sand can result in worse erosion. "It's like robbing Peter to pay Paul," says Leatherman—a concept the O'Malleys of Westhampton Beach understand all too well, since it was a neighboring groin field that robbed their beach of replenishing sand.

Jetties can cause beach larceny on an even grander scale. Long concrete or rock structures, they jut out into the water to keep inlets and harbors navigable by keeping sand and silt from drifting in. Like groin fields, jetties can keep sand from replenishing beaches down current. The construction 90 years ago of a pair of jetties to improve the harbor at Charleston, S.C., altered currents and natural sand drift so drastically that there is no

beach left at high tide at nearby Folly Beach. In Florida an estimated 80% to 85% of the beach erosion on the state's Atlantic Coast is caused by the maintenance of 19 inlets, all but one of them made or modified by man to link the open ocean and inland waterways.

There is one anti-erosion scheme, however, that can be effective: beach nourishment, which simply involves replacing sand that has washed away. Between 1976 and 1980, a ten-mile stretch of Miami Beach was rejuvenated with a brand-new, 300-ft.-wide beach. Oceanside, Calif., has struggled for more than 40 years to maintain its sandy beaches, ever since the creation of a boat basin at nearby Camp Pendleton during World War II interrupted the flow of sand down the coast. More than 13 million cu. yds. of sand have been dredged from offshore or trucked in from nearby rivers to replenish the Oceanside beaches.

Beach nourishment, however, is expensive. Just off the southern tip of Key

Biscayne, Fla., an Army Corps of Engineers' hydraulic pump ran 24 hours a day, from mid-April to early July, sucking up sand from the ocean bottom and piping it to the beach half a mile away. By the time the dredge had finished, it had moved some 400,000 cu. yds. of sand at a cost of \$1.55 million, much of it from the pockets of local businesses. In the early 1980s, the Army Corps brought in sand to widen the dwindling strip at Wrightsville Beach, N.C., by 200 ft., as well to construct and regrass new dunes. Price tag: \$2.95 million. That is small change, however, compared with a program begun in 1976 for the New York City Rockaway beach project. Total cost for the twelve-year, 11.5 million-cu.-yd. project: \$52 million in federal, state and city funds.

But even beach replenishment is a temporary measure. At the sprawling resort complex of Myrtle Beach, S.C., the community had little choice but to haul in 854,000 cu. yds. of new sand along ten miles of beach that had dwindled to a 10-

ft. width in places, creating a glistening 100-ft.-wide strip at high tide. Ex-Mayor Erick Ficken says the community will be paying for the \$4.5 million project over the next ten years. Naturally, he wonders, "How long will it last?" There are no guarantees. John Weingart, director of coastal resources for New Jersey's department of environmental protection, recalls one of that state's first replenishment projects. The 2 million-cu.-yd., \$5 million nourishment of the beach at Ocean City was unfortunately timed; it was completed just before the stormy fall season. "Within ten days of finishing," he says, "we had several really bad local storms. Over 60% of the sand was washed away."

In Louisiana, the Army Corps has several ideas for reclaiming wetlands endangered by the encroaching sea. Among them: a series of major diversion schemes that will pipe fresh water from the Mississippi and spread it over marshland areas. By early 1988, the corps hopes to launch the first large project, a \$25 million cul-



Stopgap remedy: exposed sandbags near Palm Beach, Fla.



Losing game: bulldozing sand onto the beach at Ocean City, Md.



Imaginative step to protect the land: parachutes are hung in the water to protect newly planted cordgrass on Galveston Bay

vert system that will fan fresh river water out on the marshes near Breton Sound, which have been overrun and heavily damaged by saltwater intrusion. Says Cletis Wagahoff, chief of the corps's planning division for the New Orleans district: "It's not the ultimate answer—I don't foresee one—but I'm confident we can slow erosion down." A program already under way has created 3,000 acres of new marshland with sediment dredged up in the process of maintaining waterways.

Despite such efforts, anti-erosion measures that might be expected to last for years can be wiped out by a single big storm. The worst to hit the Northeast in this century was the hurricane of 1938, which killed at least 600 people on the East Coast. Property damage was assessed at \$3.2 billion (in 1987 dollars). A future recurrence of that kind of debacle worries experts like Norbert Psuty, director of the Center for Coastal and Environment Studies at Rutgers, who notes that the eastern U.S. has enjoyed the relative peace of a "low-storm phase" for the past 25 years. He believes the full cannot last. "Because of continued development in high-hazard areas," he predicts, "the longer this phase continues, the worse the damage will be when a big storm finally hits." Gered Lennon, a geologist with the South Carolina Coastal Council, concurs: "There's always a bigger storm down the road."

Restricting shoreline development has fallen largely to individual states. Since 1971, 29 of the 30 states with coasts have adopted coastal zone management programs (the lone holdout: Texas). New Jersey and New York, for example, have programs to prevent beach erosion and stem development in high-risk areas. The former is welcomed by property owners and tax-base-hungry municipalities; the latter is not—and is, therefore, politically difficult to maintain. Although a 1981 law permits New York State to redesignate coastal areas "not for development" after major storm damage, a 1985 amendment requires a twelve-month delay before redesignation, leaving ample time for rebuilding.

In North Carolina, developers cannot build large projects any closer than 120 ft. from the first line of dunes. The state outlaws permanent seawalls and other man-made barriers, a policy irreversibly referred to as "fall back or fall in." Florida controls seaside construction by requiring approval by the Governor and state cabinet for any new building closer than about 300 ft. to the water's edge. For buildings granted past exemptions, Florida can and does take a stingy line in doling out recon-



The sea in full fury: Hurricane Gloria batters homes on Long Island Sound in 1985

struction permits after hurricane or storm damage. Michigan offers low-interest loans in order to help move houses back from the shoreline. In South Carolina, on the other hand, there are scarcely any limits to where builders can build. They can go just about to the surf's edge. If their property is threatened, they can usually get a permit to erect a seawall.

A major problem in the battle against coastal erosion is the lack of statewide coordination. Says Dick McCarthy, a member of the California coastal commission: "We have a series of fractionalized local efforts that has each community involved in its own projects, often without taking into account the effects its protective measures may have on adjacent areas."

The Federal Government's record on beach protection is spotty. In 1982 Congress removed about 600 miles of coastline and 187 islands—about 1% of U.S. coastal areas—from eligibility for federal flood insurance on new construction. The Senate is considering a bill, passed by the House in June, that would help people relocate their houses away from eroding beaches. But the Reagan Administration is cool toward a proposal now before Congress, introduced in March by Democratic Senator John Breaux of Louisiana, that would identify all threatened coastal wetlands and provide as much as \$40 million over two years for their protection.

One problem with getting the Federal Government involved in coastal management is that there is no single responsible Government agency. The Army Corps of Engineers comes closest, but it is often hamstrung by its dual mission: it is charged with both protecting vulnerable wetlands and keeping waterways navigable. In Louisiana, complains Environmental Lawyer Houck, when there is a conflict, the waterways win every time. This does not have to be the case, contends Bill Wooley, planning chief for the corps's Galveston office. While he concedes the task is formidable,

he insists that "we can manage both. It's a matter of how much we want to spend."

Environmentalists criticize the Army Corps for relying on anti-erosion schemes—seawalls, jetties and groin fields—that often cause more problems than they solve. "The Army Corps of Engineers has had a long, checkered history," says Gary Griggs, a professor of coastal geology at the University of California at Santa Cruz. Still, he admits, the Army Engineers "have done better recently." Says Charles Rooney, the corps's chief of civil projects in New York: "The state of the art in coastal engineering

has improved. We understand more than we used to. We build smaller to allow the bypassing of sand. We try to be less disruptive. Done correctly, groin construction and jetty construction can stabilize beaches without causing problems."

The simplest and most effective response to coastal erosion would be to prevent people from living at the edge of the sea. The nonprofit, Washington-based Nature Conservancy encourages just that by buying threatened coastal areas and refusing to develop them. The group has made 32 separate purchases in eight states, sheltering more than 250,000 acres, including 13 barrier islands off the coast of Virginia that it bought for \$10 million. Says Orrin Pilkey, a Duke University geologist and one of the country's top experts on beach erosion: "Retreat is the ultimate solution. Property owners must pack up and move."

That is not likely. "Abandonment is a joke," scoffs Folly Beach Mayor Richard Beck, noting that his island is almost completely developed and that tourism is just too valuable an income source. Indeed, unless it is voluntary, any restriction of land use, even for good environmental reasons, must respect property rights. Two recent Supreme Court decisions served as timely reminders that local governments have a constitutional responsibility to protect property owners. Even so, those who resist a balanced policy of coastal management, whether they are motivated by greed or by genuine concern for the well-being of coastal communities, will probably lose in the end—to the sea. Says Coastal Geologist Griggs: "In the long run, everything we do to stop erosion is only temporary." John Tesvich, a Louisiana oysterman, perhaps puts it more feelingly. "The land has shrunk. It looks like a lake out there. My heart sinks to see the land get lost to the sea."

—By Michael D. Lemonick.
Reported by Christine Gorman/New York, Nancy Seufert/Bolinas and Richard Woodbury/Topsail Island

Art

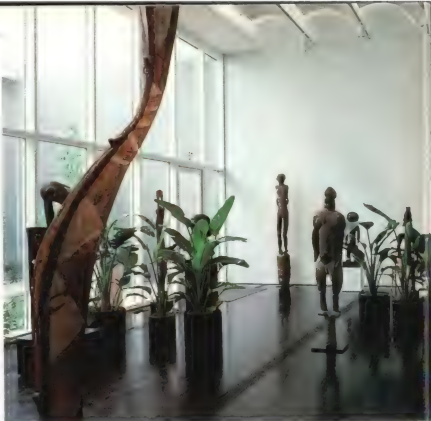
How to Start a Museum

Three U.S. collections go public, with mixed results

If American museums had to subsist on Government money like the Louvre or the National Gallery in London, all would shrink, and many of the best would never have got started. Names like Whitney, Guggenheim, Phillips, Freer and Frick attest to the role played by the private collector in creating the public institution. Today more than ever the one-person museum, named for the man or woman who assembled it and put it in its own building, is a ruling fantasy of the ambitious collector. Why settle for your name on a plaque in the Met when for a few extra million you can have the Ira D. Rumpelstiltskin Museum, all your own?

So far this year, at least three American private collections have gone public, with their own buildings and curatorial staff. One, the Menil Collection in Houston, is a triumph. The others, the National Museum of Women in the Arts in Washington (based on a collection put together by Wilhelmina and Wallace Holladay) and the Terra Museum of American Art in Chicago, are rather less than that.

The National Museum of Women in the Arts is a virtuous bore. Until ten years ago, with a few resolute exceptions like Georgia O'Keeffe, Mary Cassatt and Louise Nevelson, women artists were shabbily treated by American museums and either omitted from their collections or treated as token presences. The idea that art by women was necessarily second rate lingered discreetly in some quarters through the '70s. Today it is gone, at least in America. Apart from political enlightenment, one of the things that killed it was the growth of the art market. Now that any list of collectors' favorites in current art would have to include Nancy Graves, Agnes Martin, Louise Bourgeois, Susan Rothenberg, Elizabeth Murray, Jennifer Bartlett, Cindy Sherman and Joan Snyder, it is fatuous to talk as though women in 1987 formed an oppressed aesthetic class. About half the substructure of power in the art world, from museum curators and dealers to critics and corporate art advisers, is female. No talented woman has real difficulty getting her work into a serious gallery.



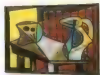
Highlights of Dominique de Menil's superb collection in Houston include an African room, above, and a 20th century gallery, right



What is true, however, is that most female artists, like most male ones, are not very talented and live ill-known in a catastrophically overcrowded art world. Thus it is easy for Ms. Anybody, M.F.A., to blame the obscurity of her work on sexist machinations against her as a member of a class and plangently call for redress in quotas and affirmative action. Hence the National Museum of Women in the Arts, a grimly sentimental waste of money, an idea whose time is gone.

Did any American couple ever assemble a worse collection than the Holladays? Perhaps, but none that got their own mu-

seum. It is short even of major works by women whose historical significance has been admitted for decades. Its inaugural show, *American Women Artists 1830-1930*, consisted mainly of loans; but even so, except for some paintings by Cecilia Beaux, Romaine Brooks and, of course, O'Keeffe, it was a dull florilegium of derivative kitsch. Who would waste ten minutes on these sub-Sargent portraits, these mincing imitations of Childe Hassam, these genre scenes crawling with dimpled rosy brats, if they had *not* been painted by American women? And what serious artist wants gender to be the pri-



mary classification of her art? Lee Krassner did not want to be in a ghetto with "women artists"—she wanted to be seriously compared, as she now is, with men like Jackson Pollock and André Masson. Most living artists feel the same way, and this fact alone will guarantee the irrelevance of the National Museum of Women in the Arts for years to come.

In Chicago, the Terra Museum of American Art has a different agenda. Daniel Terra, 76, head of Lawter International Inc., the Illinois-based manufacturing firm, raised millions for Ronald Reagan's campaign fund and was given the Ruritanian

honorific of "Ambassador-at-Large for Cultural Affairs"—as though culture, to an Administration that spends virtually as much on military bands as on the National Endowment for the Arts, were a foreign state. Ambassador Terra, as he likes to be called, is an enthusiastic buyer of 18th, 19th and early 20th century American art.

His collection has some indubitably good things in it. Its highlights run from Rembrandt Peale's stiff but historically interesting *Porthole Portrait* of George Washington and Samuel Morse's *The Gallery of the Louvre* to a good Eakins, a vigorous Mary Cassatt of boaters feeding ducks, and a set of admirable monotypes by Maurice Prendergast. There is also some very minor work by famous names (Homer, Martin Johnson Heade, John Frederick Kensett) and a plethora of those 1890s contre-jour pictures of nice Boston girls in flowing chiffon scarves—genteel provincial salon painting that has been revived as a market craze for investors now that the supply of Childe Hassams and the like is running out.

A collection, in short, more notable for size than quality. But Terra has big plans for it; he says it will be the nucleus of a \$75 million museum development whose first stage, two gallery buildings designed by Booth Hansen & Associates, opened in April with a loan show of American historic paintings from the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, along with some of Terra's own holdings.

There is nothing to be said for the buildings; the main one is cramped and coarsely detailed, and the retail boutique that fills its entrance makes it feel like a small, sanctimonious department store. But there is no mistaking the patriotic zeal behind it. The project arose from Terra's twofold conviction that American 18th and 19th century art was as good as any in Europe, and that snobbery keeps this from the public, so that Americans do not know their own artistic heritage. The first proposition is flat wrong, granted a few exceptions like Copley, Homer and Eakins; the second is dubious.

Terra has voiced distress that kids come out of high school knowing more about Cézanne than Samuel Morse. But so what? One is fundamental in a way that the other is not. People should know about both, ideally; but they should know more about Cézanne. Certainly there is a need for broader and more discriminating knowledge of American 18th and 19th century art, but the present danger is overvaluation: the assumption, dear to cultural jingoes, that premodernist American painting and sculpture is a special case whose merits cannot be judged fairly by the general standards implicit in European art of its day.

The way past this is to see the two together, to compare them, and this can best be done under the roof of a great encyclopedic museum. Hence it is a pity that Terra did not give his collection to the Art Institute of Chicago. Much, no doubt, would have gone into storage, because much is not of museum quality. But that is



Chicago's Terra with his American works

not what the new Maecenases wish to hear. There is vanity museuming, just as there is vanity publishing. Can it be that America now has too many museums—and that the Terra Museum is a sign that the saturation point is here at last?

Well, yes and no. There is always room for a really fine museum, and the proof is in Houston. The Menil Collection, which opened in June, houses the works assembled over the past 45 years by Dominique de Menil and her late husband John, who was chairman of Schlumberger, the giant oil-field services company. Through the '70s, as American museum and collecting habits became encysted with hoopla, glitz and architectural manipulation, Dominique de Menil remained absolutely committed to the ideal of art as art, of a museum whose discretion and neutrality would release the eloquence of the work it contained.

The Menils saw things on a wide intellectual scale and had a genius for combination. Their collection of some 10,000 objects was formed, in the fullest and not the decorator sense, by taste, and by reflection, cross-reference and an impassioned dreaming about what culturally disparate objects might have in common. It is not the result of a stamp-collecting mania, the desire to complete a series or make programmatic points about art his-

Washington's Holladay in women's museum



tory; nor is it designed to be "educational." Rather it sets up objects of connoisseurship, a rebus of delectation to be read.

It is very strong in three areas: surrealism (it has perhaps the best Magrittes of any museum in the world), archaic Mediterranean objects and African tribal art. But everywhere in the collection one encounters images, large and small, whose intensity comes fairly burning out of the vitrine or off the wall, from a horrendous stone Celtic effigy of the Tarasque, or earth demon, to a gold Byzantine reliquary in the form of a miniature sarcophagus. Their vividness is helped by the subtle and often witty installation carried out by the Menil's director, Walter Hopps. It is not "systematic," presenting objects by period or, rigidly, by style. It tries to reverse the overcategorization that afflicts the presentation of art as a subgenre of pedagogy in many American museums. In short, it treats the visitor as an adult and lets him draw his own conclusions.

Between them, Dominique de Menil, Hopps and the architect Renzo Piano have got it exactly right: this building, and the thinking behind it, comes as close to the *musée imaginaire* of one's hopes as one has any right to expect in America today. As a privately funded museum it is free to avoid the clichés of its bigger brethren. No boutiques, no blockbusters, no sense of competition with other museums. No sense of the sealed-off art bunker, either, with overlighted objects caught like startled animals in the glare of spotlights. Above all, none of the grandiosity and architectural euphuism of the American "signature" museum.

The Menil is a two-story building some 400 ft. long, clad on the outside with wide-board gray swamp cypress in a white steel frame. Inside, there are black-stained pine floors, and curved concrete louvers that admit a changing wash of daylight through most of the roof. It is plain and delicate, and it sits in its frame-house district of Houston with a perfect sense of context—which is no surprise, since the Menil Foundation owns most of the houses around it, all of which have been painted the same warm gray. (Gray is to Dominique de Menil's cultural activities what orange is to Hare Krishnas.) Unexpressive, inviting, distanced: the color declares a policy, or rather an ethic.

Most of the art is in storage on the floor above, accessible to scholars but not over-crowding the walls below. There is no sense of display, no anxious signaling about peak experiences. Piano's design eschews the high-tech theatrics that made such a mess of the Centre Pompidou in Paris, which he co-designed a decade ago. If ever one building in an architect's career made amends for another, it is this. Imagine something akin to the Frick Museum, but with fewer masterpieces and devoted to the juncture between modernism and the archaic, a place where disinterested aesthetic experience can be enjoyed without coercion or surfeit. One would then have the Menil.

—By Robert Hughes

Video



Besieged: Brown surrounded by nosy relatives Faison and McLerie

The Dark Side of Yuppiedom

THE DAYS AND NIGHTS OF MOLLY DODD NBC, Thursdays 9:30 p.m. E.S.T.

Only on TV would Molly Dodd look like such an odd bird. At 34, she has no husband or steady boyfriend, no wise-cracking kids hanging around the sink, not even a clear-cut career. What Molly (Blair Brown) does have is a cluttered New York apartment and a nosy mother (Allyn Ann McLerie) who complains about everything from the men her daughter dates to the clothes she won't buy. Molly worries about her biological clock, writes bad poetry and, when she can't sleep, might be found rearranging her furniture at three in the morning. Or calling a friend and leaving this plaintive message on her answering machine: "Could you recommend a decent shrink? 'Cause I'm pretty sure I'm losing my mind."

The Days and Nights of Molly Dodd would probably be the summer's most talked-about new sitcom even if it were not the summer's only new sitcom. The NBC series, which has drawn Top 20 ratings and just won a renewal for midseason, looks and sounds like nothing else on network TV. The opening credits are accompanied by bluesy theme music and moody shots of Molly sitting in her apartment, walking the city streets, musing on a park bench. Each vignettish half hour nudges the story a bit further along (Molly meets a new man, looks for a job, celebrates her 35th birthday), but there is no laugh track, few gag lines and rarely a neat resolution.

This downbeat, slice-of-life comedy, created by Jay Tarses (*The Bob Newhart Show*, *Buffalo Bill*), deserves a big cheer for depicting the dark side of yuppiedom. Molly could be Mary Richards' neurotic twin: the single life has left her lonely, confused and feeling besieged. Another

cheer for Blair Brown, who plays Molly with a nice mix of urban scrappiness and kitchiness vulnerability (not to mention the sexiest mouth on television).

If *Molly Dodd* is annoying as often as appealing, blame it on the clash between psycho-realist ambitions and conventional TV roots. Too many of Molly's crises are played out in front of a philosophy-spouting elevator operator (James Greene), a sitcom creation if there ever was one. Molly's married sister (Sandy Faison) rattles on about her endodontist husband for some too easy swipes at bourgeois family values. And for a show so resolutely '80s, the stereotypes seem like '50s leftovers. Molly's free-spirited, bohemian ex-husband (William Converse-Roberts) is—natch—a jazz musician. The all-American boyfriend whom Molly reluctantly dumps as too "perfect" is—what else?—an airline pilot.

The series courageously takes Molly to the brink of a nervous breakdown, but pushes too hard at every psychological turn. To reveal that she is flipping out, Molly is shown making a midnight trip to the corner grocery, where she piles four watermelons into her shopping cart and snaps at the store owner for not having any melon ballers. Worse is Molly's traumatic visit to a psychiatrist, an insensitive cow who takes personal phone calls while Molly is baring her soul. Is this a joke? Not quite; we're supposed to cheer when Molly summons the courage to stomp out on the unfeeling shrink—then sigh with approval when, a few minutes later, she composes herself and returns to finish her hour. It's enough to drive the caring viewer into a long session with the Cosby kids.

—By Richard Zoglin

Books

Through the Looking Glass

Two new exposés tell tales of British spies and traitors

Every decade or so, something dreadful happens: the shy, retiring British intelligence establishment finds itself splashed across international headlines. In the 1950s and '60s it was the defections of Guy Burgess, Donald Maclean and Kim Philby to the Soviet Union. They had been friends at Cambridge and had held sensitive jobs in the foreign and secret services; they were also long-term spies for Moscow. In 1979 Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher informed a shocked House of Commons about a fourth traitor. Sir Anthony Blunt, an art historian, former Cambridge don and Surveyor of the Queen's Pictures, had been granted immunity 15 years earlier in return for his confession of wartime espionage on behalf of the Soviets.

Official Britain deplores treason, of course, but publicity may be equally hateful. The exposure of Blunt and the other Cambridge spies brought unwanted attention to the fact that they had been trained and then tracked down by government organizations about which it is improper to speak. Gentlemen do not pry. And when they must, they will not talk about it afterward.

A controversial new book called *Spycatcher* (Viking; 392 pages; \$19.95) does not play by these rules. The author, Peter Wright, 71, talks openly about his 20 years with MI5, the British Security Service, which is roughly analogous to the FBI. Ironically, Her Majesty's government has been gathering headlines all over again by trying to prevent the publication of Wright's book in Britain and Australia. Suppression in the U.S. was apparently ruled out as hopeless.

Although consistently fascinating, Wright's book hardly seems a classifiable document. For one thing, the author has been in from the cold since he retired from the Security Service in 1976. His bombshells largely reconfirm suspicions that have been held and documented for years. A 1974 plot, for example, by a cabal within MI5 to discredit then Prime Minister Harold Wilson as a Communist will surprise no one who keeps up with such things, including Wilson, who complained loudly at the time.

The astounding thing about *Spycatcher* is its unabashed recital of routine lawlessness. Wright was recruited full time into the Security Service in 1955 because of his training in radio technology, and he quickly got to work improving eavesdropping techniques. He fondly recalls the "boyish fun" he and his colleagues had as "we bugged and burgled our way across London at the State's behest." Unlike common crooks, the Security Service chaps had a wealth of scientific research at their disposal. One advance in X-ray methods, Wright notes, "gave MI5 potential access to every safe in Britain."

All this was theoretically justified because Wright and his fellow agents were fighting in "the trenches of the Cold War." Soviet cleverness, real or suspected, had to be matched and surpassed. Wright's zeal for counterespionage made him a valuable member of MI5. After Blunt confessed in 1964, Wright was given the task of con-

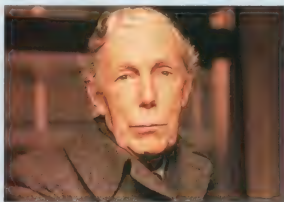
ducting most of the follow-up interrogations. The two men got along well, although Wright became convinced that Blunt was still protecting influential friends. But such suspicions were an occupational hazard, Wright confesses that he became obsessed with the idea of Soviet disinformation, fearing that he was uncovering only what the enemy wanted him to learn. This belief led him through the looking glass to a state of mind "where defectors are false, lies are truth, truth lies, and the reflections leave you dazzled and confused."

Spycatcher vividly demonstrates the odd effects that espionage can have on the pursuers. *Conspiracy of Silence* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; 616 pages; \$22.95) portrays the hounded life of Anthony Blunt. Authors Barrie Penrose and Simon Freeman, journalists with the *Sunday Times* of London, began piecing together Blunt's story after his 1979 exposure. The subject did not cooperate, but after his death in 1983, a number of friends and colleagues agreed to talk. Their testimony does not solve Blunt; after all, he lied to them too. But these witnesses tell a fascinating story about the world through which Blunt so gracefully and treacherously moved.

The outlines are familiar: Cambridge in the 1930s, the threat of Nazism, growing student infatuation with the Soviet Union. Blunt seems to have become a Communist less as a matter of principle than because of the urgings of his friend and fellow homosexual Guy Burgess. Once formed, Blunt's sympathies were no secret and, remarkably, no impediment to his joining MI5 in 1940. He spied for the Soviets, but they did not object when he left the Security Service five years later. Blunt's academic reputation flourished. After the defection of Burgess and Maclean in 1951, he must have known that his secret was at risk.

Why did he do it? When asked point-blank by a friend, Blunt replied cryptically: "Cowboys and Indians... cowboys and Indians." The urge to dismiss this answer as nonsense is strong. But it might be the truth. Spying and, as Peter Wright shows, chasing spies can seem a wonderful game. The intellectual demands are stimulating, the practice of deceit a thrill. If the agents are skillful and lucky, the damage and the death they may cause will happen somewhere else.

—By Paul Gray



Excerpt

“He walked over to the drinks cabinet on the other side of the room. He had drunk almost a complete bottle of gin, but still needed more. I walked over to him.

‘Well...?’ I asked.

Blunt stood, his shoulders sagging with strain.

‘I suppose you’re right,’ he said, his eyes gleaming with emotion. ‘I suppose he must be one of us, but I never recruited him, and Guy never told me he had.’

There was no gin left, so Blunt poured himself a tumbler full of sherry and added soda water. He gulped it down.

‘Sometimes,’ he said, ‘I think it would have been easier to go to prison.’

—*Spycatcher* ”

On Their Own

ORPHANS: REAL AND IMAGINARY
by Eileen Simpson
Weidenfeld & Nicolson
259 pages; \$16.95

What does Art Buchwald have in common with Leo Tolstoy? Samuel Taylor Coleridge with Mary McCarthy? Not to mention Tom Sawyer, Oliver Twist, Tarzan, Superman and Little Orphan Annie. Right: they all lost parents at an early age and had to confront the world more or less on their own.

It is a hard fate at the best of times, and the best of times have been rare. In imperial Rome, orphans were commonly sold into slavery or simply killed off. Although the Roman Catholic Church forbade infanticide, Pope Innocent III was dismayed by the number of children's bodies he saw floating in the Tiber. With the coming of the Industrial Revolution, one chronicler reported that orphans "swarmed the streets like locusts," and locusts do not live very long either.

Eileen Simpson, who wrote *Poets in Their Youth* (1982), an admirable memoir of her marriage to the poet John Berryman, was an orphan too, but what she calls a "lucky one." Some luck. When she was eleven months old, her mother succumbed to tuberculosis; her father later put her and her older sister in a Catholic convent school, and she learned at the age of six that he had suddenly died of pneumonia poisoning. Convent life was benign but austere. Three winters in a row she suffered pneumonia so severe that a priest administered Extreme Unction.

When a doctor finally persuaded her uncle and guardian to find a healthier place, she was installed in a New Jersey "preventorium," an institution where pretubercular children were supposedly toughened up by studying and sleeping in the open air, even in midwinter. Eventually pronounced



Simpson

"cured," the child was first taken in by a white-haired aunt who taught school and believed in iron discipline. And then by her stiff-necked guardian, who lectured her on her father's improvidence and insisted on a budget for her 25¢ weekly allowance: 5¢ for school supplies, 5¢ for the church and 15¢ for savings. Not until years later did Simpson learn that her father had left her an ample bequest, that her guardian had not only hidden it but had dipped into it himself, and that he had gone to court to keep this spiritually starved child separated from her mother's side of the family.

Simpson calls herself one of the lucky ones because she had an older sister to

help her survive the crippling emotional deprivation of orphanhood. And so she grew up and got married and became a psychotherapist. It was only when her second husband died of cancer that the sense of loss suddenly reawakened, that the "black ink of anxiety spilled and spread, saturating the fabric of my life."

In comparing herself to other orphans, real and imaginary, Simpson tells many touching tales: how Rousseau was so devastated by his father's disappearance that he abandoned his own children; how Jane Eyre was scorned by Mr. Rochester in the cruel words "Who in the world cares for you?" Simpson's efforts to sketch from these case histories a kind of psychology of orphanhood, however, do not get much beyond repeated cries of suffering and loss. Thus Bertrand Russell: "The centre of me is always and eternally a terrible pain—a curious wild pain—a searching for something beyond what the world contains."

She also extends her portrait, somewhat misguidedly, to include people who were not orphaned but simply separated from their parents, like Charlie Chaplin or Rudyard Kipling. She even argues that America itself is to some extent an orphaned society because its immigrants, from the Mayflower colonists to the latest Chinese mathematician, had to abandon their homes to come here. But the theorizing is not very persuasive. Simpson's best story is her own.

—By Otto Friedrich

Hyde-Bound

DON'T TREAD ON ME:
THE SELECTED LETTERS OF
S.J. PERELMAN
Edited by Prudence Crowther
Viking; 372 pages; \$19.95

Why are our days numbered and not, say, lettered?

—Woody Allen

With this posthumous volume, S.J. Perelman answers his most famous acolyte. The days of the humorist were lettered, with explosive messages to family, colleagues, editors and amours.

In some 20 books of collected short pieces, Perelman offered a unique amalgam of elegant phrase and pratfall comedy. Behind each one was the carefully drawn self-portrait of a curmudgeon, skewering the pretentious, detonating popular culture and putting backspin on clichés ("Jigwise, all is up"). The role of sulfurous commentator was not a disguise. *Don't Tread on Me* proves that the life story of Perelman was the adventures of Mr. Hyde and Mr. Hyde. Early on he decided that Will Rogers' statement "I never met a man I didn't like" was "pure flatulence, crowd-pleasing and fake humility," and acted accordingly. Prudence Crowther, Perelman's friend during his last year, provides a wide-eyed introduction to these selected letters: "I talked about the Chaplin I'd just been watching; he knew

Chaplin." But her accompanying notes illuminate a long and entertaining list of the writer's enemies.

Coming upon the prose of his young New Yorker colleague John Updike, Perelman is "overtaken by the characteristic nausea that attacks me when this youth performs on the printed page." Lawrence Durrell is "one of those Englishmen whose eye is especially made for spitting into." A publisher's catalog contains "only a few horrors like Tom Wolfe (of whom I suspect they're secretly ashamed)."

Even Perelman's enthusiasms are vinegary. He had famously collaborated on *Monkey Business and Horse Feathers*, but when an editor plans to anthologize portions of the film scripts, their scenarist responds, "If illiterates and rock fans (synonymous) can only be led to purchase my work by dangling before them the fact that I once worked for the

Marx brothers, then let us find some other publisher." James Agee and Dorothy Parker were friends of Perelman's, but readers would never know it from his keyhole view of the beach house the two shared: "They both exist in a fog of crapulous laundry, stale cigarette smoke, and dirty dishes, sans furniture or cleanliness; one suspects they wet their beds."

Dorothy Herrmann's recent biography, *S.J. Perelman: A Life*, points out what any sensible reader already knows: humorists are not a sunny breed. They pick up their tribulations by the wrong end, and that provokes mirth. But after the audience leaves, the anguish remains. Perelman's boon companion and brother-in-law, Novelist Nathanael West (*Miss Lonelyhearts*), died young (36) in a car crash. Perelman never fully recovered from the blow, nor did his wife Laura, who descended into alcoholism. Many of his best letters deal obliquely with the disappointments he felt with his family and his work: he did not write a full-length book or earn a big payday in Hollywood. He compensated for periods of depression with solo journeys overseas that shortchanged his children without alleviating his sense of fulfillment. When his daughter was dejected after reading *Crime and Punishment*, he tried to console her—and, implicitly, himself—by insisting that "you can be as deeply moved by laughter as you can by misery."

His letters refute that claim. Those that gripe are bitterly amusing; but it is when they fail to disguise sorrow that they become poignant. Perhaps the most moving aspect of *Don't Tread on Me* is a negative one: Sidney Joseph Perelman promised an autobiography, and here is the only one he got around to writing. He died in 1979 at the age of 75, and wordwise, this is his last.

—By Stefan Kanfer



Perelman

People



The electric sounds of glasnost: Joel striking a rock-'n'-roll chord for clamoring fans in Moscow

Moscow seemed in the grip of a rock revolution last week as **Billy Joel** kicked off a six-night tour of the Soviet Union that had *glasnost*-inspired youths dancing in the aisles. After a slow start, the Piano Man broke the ice at Moscow's 20,000-seat Olympic stadium by urging the crowd to rush the stage. As flower-tossing youths surged forward, a jubilant Joel warmed things up even more by dedicating *Honesty* to the late Soviet Folk Hero **Vladimir Vysotsky** and then brought down the house with a blistering encore of the Beatles' *Back in the U.S.S.R.* Joel, who was accompanied by his wife, Model **Christie Brinkley**, and the couple's daughter **Alexa Ray**, 18 months, also gave the Muscovite masses a crash course in Western-style rock idol antics. During his sec-

ond show, he threw a tantrum when his own documentary-film crew turned spotlights on the audience. Then he flipped his piano onto the stage and smashed a microphone. "I was yelling at my own people," Joel apologized later. "I was a real capitalist boss."

"All those difficult moments," says French Champion Wind Surfer **Stéphane Peyron**, 26, "become great memories once you are on dry land." If so, Peyron really stocked up on his 46-day New York-to-France solo crossing that ended in triumph last week. "The first eight days were terrible," said Peyron after becoming the first man to sailboard alone across the Atlantic. "South of Newfoundland, I ran into a 50-knot

wind from the northeast before being capsized by a cargo ship." Luckily for Peyron, his 24-ft by 4-ft. craft contained a watertight cabin in which he slept, as well as a solar-powered radio and enough food and water to see him through. Even so, unexpected winds blew him off course, forcing him to land in La Rochelle, 100 miles from his hometown destination of La Baule, which Peyron did not reach until the following day. "I have done everything you can do on a board," says Peyron, who plans to retell his tale on a lecture tour. "I've made wind surfing my career for twelve years. That's enough."

At 44, he is an old man in a rough profession dominated by youth. But Jockey **Angel Cordero Jr.** is leading the nation in purse money so far this year (\$5.9 million), and he has just joined the exclusive club of riders who have won 6,000 races. At New Jersey's Monmouth Park last week, the cocky Puerto Rican rode *Lost Kitty* to a nose victory over *Granny's Portrait* to take his place next to **Willie Shoemaker**, **Laffit Pincay** and **Johnny Longden**. "I'm glad it's finally over with," said Cordero, who earlier that week experienced a frustrating two-day slump at New York's Belmont Park. Observed **Jeff Lukas**, who helped train *Lost Kitty*: "The guy is a winner, and he's driven to win in all situations." Including the

daunting task of guiding a raw two-year-old filly across the wire. Said Lukas: "It took an outstanding ride to win 6,000."

"It's not easy being a witch," laments **Laurie Cabot**, 54. "Everybody thinks we go around sending lightning bolts at people we don't like. We might like to, but we can't." Maybe not, but a witch can run for mayor, which is exactly what Cabot is doing in—all of all places—Salem, Mass. Cabot has lived in the town since 1970 despite its history as a hot spot for hexes. "I was very quiet about being a witch when I moved here," confesses Cabot, who owns a black magic boutique called *Crow Haven Corner*. She decided to take a public stand for sorcery after her presence at a campaign party for Mayoral Candidate **Bob Gauthier** prompted some-



Cabot: political potions?

one to call a local radio station and accuse him of being a warlock. "It reeked of 1692," says Cabot, who joined the race to show who is the "real witch in the campaign." If elected this fall, she might mix up a batch of witchcraft for the common good. "For instance," she says, "we need magic to clean up Salem harbor." With a promise like that, she may cast a spell over her constituents. —By Guy D. Garcia. Reported by David E. Thigpen/ New York, with other bureaus



Fantastic voyage: Peyron arriving on his sailboard at La Baule

Cinema

Bond Keeps Up His Silver Streak

After 25 years, the 007 formula remains stirring but not shaken

The air is electric at this posh London casino. A beautiful woman is losing big at chemin de fer. How can the stranger across the table keep drawing better cards out of the shoe? Desperately, she borrows more to cover her bets, and the stranger says, "I admire your courage, Miss..."

"Trench," the brunette answers. "Sylvia Trench." She appraises her rival with an envy edging toward lust. "I admire your luck, Mr..."

"Bond." The silver cigarette lighter snaps shut to reveal a face of elegant cruelty: dimples welded like scars, incredible long whips of eyebrows, a full mouth ready for any challenge—to spit out a witticism, to commandeer a kiss, to slip from the cup of revenge. To say his name. "James Bond."

Moviegoers first heard that terse exchange in a London theater on Oct. 6, 1962. The same week Johnny Carson became host of the *Tonight* show, and Pope John XXIII adorned the cover of *TIME*. Two weeks later, Khrushchev and Kennedy would go eyeball to eyeball in a dispute over Cuban missiles. So who cared about the world premiere of the first James Bond film, or the introduction of Sean Connery as Her Majesty's hunkiest secret servant? Who knew?

It has been six U.S. Presidents, five Soviet leaders—and four actors playing 007—since *Dr. No* opened to no special acclaim. But the spy created by Novelist Ian Fleming is still in business: saving the world from megalomaniac crime masters, heartless femmes fatales and indifferently prepared vodka martinis. It's a big business too. The first 14 Bond films presented by Albert R. ("Cubby") Broccoli have earned something like \$2 billion around the world. (Broccoli did not produce the 1967 parody *Casino Royale* or Connery's free-lance return to the role in 1983's *Never Say Never Again*.) Now, on the series' silver anniversary, Broccoli offers a new Bond film, *The Living Daylights*, and a new Bond hero, English Actor Timothy Dalton. Both are taut, dark and handsome, suggesting that

007 is good as new. Anyway, good as 1962.

To a world disturbed by cold war ultimatum and distracted by Camelot dazzle, Bond gave the traditional action hero modern attitudes and equipment. He brought a killer's lightning instincts to Sherlock Holmes, a suave caress to crude Mike Hammer, the microchip age to Dick Tracy's gadgets. His films were comic strips with grown-up cynicism, Hitchcock thrillers without the artistic risks. He was an existential hired gun with an aristocrat's tastes—just right for a time when class was a matter of brand names and insouciant gestures. "My dear girl," Bond tells a new conquest, "there are some things that just aren't done. Such as drinking Dom Perignon '53 above a temperature of 38° F. That's as bad as listening to the Beatles without earmuffs." Minutes later the dear

girl's body is lacquered to death by Auric Goldfinger's Korean manservant.

As the Bond films made celebrities of his enemies (Oddjob, Rosa Klebb, Ernst Stavro Blofeld, Jaws), so they incited schoolboy giggles with the names of his women. Pussy Galore and Octopussy! Kissy Suzuki and Plenty O'Toole! Mary Goodnight and Holly Goodhead! They were as indispensable and interchangeable as 007's other accessories, the Walther PPK and the Aston Martin. Pussy Galore might be a judo expert who could toss Bond like a crepe, but he would merely toss back a wolfish double entendre: "We must have a few fast falls together some time." In its Connery years, Bond comprised equal parts of Jack Kennedy's playboy glamour and Hugh Hefner's *Playboy* Philosophy.

But always teddily English and utterly U (though Connery was a working-class Scot). To a nation that had seen its empire shrink in rancor, and its secret service embarrassed by the Burgess-Maclean and Profumo scandals, the notion of a British agent saving the free world was a tonic made in Fantasyland. The Beatles might have made Britain swinging for the young, but Bond was a travel-poster boy for the earmuff brigade. The Bond films even put a few theme songs (including Paul McCartney's *Live and Let Die*) on the pop charts. But their signal influence was closer to home. In the '60s, Bond spawned a whole genre of superspy imitators: Matt Helm and Harry Palmer in movies, Maxwell Smart and the men from U.N.C.L.E. on TV. Later a young generation of filmmakers found inspiration in the series' success. The past decade of high-tech adventure movies, from *Star Wars* to *Raiders of the Lost Ark* to *RoboCop*, would be unimaginable without the brut effervescence and special-effects expertise bottled in Bond.

No surprise there: John Stears, the effects wizard of *Star Wars*, supervised the visual tricks on six early Bonds. He was one of many craftsmen who kept returning to the series: Screenwriter Richard Maibaum (twelve of the 15 films), Composer John Barry



Dalton as Bond, with his gal (D'Abo) and his gat (Walther PPK)

(twelve), Production Designer Ken Adam (seven), Main Credits Designer Maurice Binder (13). Bond's office colleagues—M, Q and Money-penny—have appeared in every episode. John Glen, who has helmed the past four films, is just the fifth director in the series. The Bond team hit its early peak with *Goldfinger* in 1964 and followed up with some snazzy films (*Thunderball*, *The Spy Who Loved Me*) and a few lame ones (*You Only Live Twice*, *The Man with the Golden Gun*). Eventually, the pictures were faithful only to the titles of Fleming's novels and stories; now each screenplay was an original endeavor. But the basic Bond recipe was merely stirred, not shaken: Do it over, do it bigger, 'cause nobody does it better.

Often the formula continued to pay off. The precredit sequence almost always packed more gasps, laughs and subplots into six minutes than most movies do in 60. It also meant that conventions established in the early films ran the risk of calcifying in the later ones. Plenty of cleavage, but no nudity. Innuendos but no dirty words. Most important, a dogged adherence to old-fashioned storytelling—which, in an industry that has thrown narrative logic out, can make an 007 film seem slow moving. But Bonds were never aimed at the thrills-above-all youth market. Or even, primarily, to the U.S. (where, by the way, each new Bond film is consistently among its year's Top Ten box-office winners). The series has a broader goal: to be the last of that fine old breed of movies that can offer something for everybody, adults as well as kids, in Europe, Asia and South America.

Besides, like any clever agent, Bond could adapt to the *Zeitgeist*. With an eye toward détente, he found villains in rogue warriors, not cold warriors. Indeed, in *A View to a Kill*, "Comrade Bond" is awarded the Order of Lenin. One of these days, he might even get a citation from *Ms.* magazine. The male chauvinist piggy is still susceptible to European beauties of no fixed abode or accent, but now he relies on their intelligence and independence. They can fight manfully; he can fall in love.

These changes in Bond films have more to do with keeping the series fresh than with the new actors who slipped into his Savile Row suits. When Connery tired of the role—and it showed—Broccoli cast George Lazenby in *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*. Bond became a husband and a widower in that one, but it was Lazenby who disappeared as Connery returned for one more film. Then Roger Moore took over for seven episodes. Amiable



Safe thrills: Moore with Lois Chiles in *Moonraker*

and reliable, he nonetheless walked through his part like a waxwork on casters and left the heavy jobs to his stunt doubles. The series aged with him; it was in danger of becoming a travelogue with a smirk. Perhaps 007 was finally ready for his pension.

But wait! It's Indiana James to the rescue! In Timothy Dalton's interpretation in *The Living Daylights*, one finds some of the lethal charm of Sean Connery, along with a touch of crabby Harrison Ford. This Bond is as fast on his feet

as with his wits; an ironic scowl creases his face; he's battle ready yet war-weary. And in the age of AIDS, even Bond must bend to serial monogamy; this time, for reasons of plot and propriety, he's a one-gal guy. Dalton performed a lot of his own stunts, and he looks great in a tuxedo—especially the one with the Velcro lapels that fold over to give him the guise of a priest-assassin.

Happily, the series has revived itself to welcome Dalton. It opens with the moral dilemma that *Full Metal Jacket* took nearly two hours to waddle up to: whether a good soldier must kill a pretty young sniper (the unenticing Maryam d'Abo). Then it's off to Vienna, London, Tangier and Afghanistan—the usual guided tour of In spots and hot spots, with a politically savvy cast of adversaries. An honorable KGB boss and a duplicitous KGB agent. Afghan freedom fighters who push opium on the side. A renegade arms dealer who may remind you of General Secord's friend Edwin Wilson. And 007 in the middle, juggling global juggernauts like Ollie North, but with less piety and more smarts.

Some will miss the puckishness of the old Bond; others may wilt during an over-long sequence set in the Afghan desert, when the movie turns *Ishtry*. But Glen, Maibaum and Michael G. Wilson (Broccoli's stepson, who serves as co-screenwriter and co-producer) have wrapped a few nifty surprises in the security blanket of genre familiarity. The gasbag KGB agent is smuggled out of Czechoslovakia through the Trans-Siberian natural gas pipeline. A professional killer and a British guard stage the best kitchen fight since the gremlins got microwaved. The requisite ski chase sends Dalton and d'Abo bobsledding down the slopes in her cello case. Throughout, the film forfeits sniggering humor to accentuate action and character. As Bond Marketing Chief Charles J. Juroc notes, "*The Living Daylights* is an action-adventure film whose hero happens to be named James Bond."

Will Dalton earn the loyalty of 007 traditionalists, while luring a new generation into Bondage? He ought to. But the only real suspense left is what to call the films when all the Fleming titles have been used up. One matter was settled long ago: Bond films have no competition as the most durable and popular series in movie history. *Superman*, *Rocky* and *Jaws* may have produced four installments; *Friday the 13th* may have hit six. But 15 films—and more to come—with the high gloss and safe thrills of Bond? My dear Hollywood, there are some things that just aren't done.

—By Richard Corliss



Lethal charm: Connery with Molly Peters in *Thunderball*
An existential hired gun with an aristocrat's tastes.

Essay

Evil Umpires? Not in Soviet Baseball

Although some Americans seem a bit skeptical about the news that Russians invented baseball, or *lapta*, as it has been known for the past 60 or 70 Soviet pennant races, the matter is old hat to knowledgeable fans. As *Izvestia* recently explained to its readers, Russian émigrés brought their ancient national pastime to what is now California 200 years ago, with batters striking at a ball with a stick and fielders throwing the ball at opposition players to register outs.

The Russian origin of American baseball is a simple fact and a closed issue, but Soviet Leader Mikhail Gorbachev, jocularly dubbed "Goose Glasnost" by the Professional Lapta Writers Association, has graciously allowed speculation on how the game actually got to America. *Pravda* believes it was stolen by a Marine guard at the U.S. embassy in Moscow who scurrilously wheedled details of *lapta* out of an unwary Russian cook during an evening of illicit and probably drug-induced lovemaking sometime during the mid-19th century.

Another school of thought holds that the game arose in the 10th century and was brought to America by one of the earliest people's explorers, Eric the Red, who is said to have founded a team named for himself in what is now Cincinnati. Other equally respected lapto-ologists maintain that the spirited game evolved from the famous sporting rides of the cossacks. In this view, games occurred spontaneously on the Russian steppes, with peasants hurling stones up at the fabled horsemen in attempts to achieve outs, while the free-swinging cossacks were responsible for most of the offense. The amazing success of the cossacks, who often went undefeated for decades at a time, is sometimes cited by *Izvestia* as proof that polo as well as baseball originated in sports-minded Russia.

This pro-cossack school generally aligns itself with *Izvestia's* West Coast theory of American baseball. In this opinion, the first American team was not the Cincinnati Reds but the Los Angeles Engels, named for the wealthy crony who liked to toss the *lapta* around with Karl Marx, the first great theoretician of the game and the main reason why so many modern *lapta* stars have been nicknamed Lefty. Marx and Engels introduced the dialectical theory of *lapta*: the pitchers are always ahead of the hitters, and vice versa. Marx's classic one-liner about *lapta*, "Nice right-wing deviationists finish last," ranks with Lenin's famous admonition about the Russian psyche: "Anyone who wishes to understand the Russian soul had better learn *lapta*."

It is Stalin and his successors, though, who deserve credit for expanding the ancient national pastime from a merely local amusement to a truly global game. The historic postwar expansion brought coveted big league franchises to such deserving cities as Warsaw, Budapest, Havana, Prague and now even Kabul, where an all-rookie team of Afghan players altered traditional notions of defense by employing the first heat-seeking *lapta*s during regular-season play. Much like the introduction of the corked bat and the designated hitter in the U.S., the Afghan in-

novation has clearly irritated a few hidebound older fans back in Moscow, who constantly demand that the commissioner "lower the mound" in mountainous Afghanistan to bring offense and defense back into classic balance.

Unlike capitalist versions of the game, *lapta* prohibits base stealing, since the bases belong to all the people and are not to be appropriated for individual use. Sacrifices, on the other hand, are encouraged and often occur even with no runners on base. Instead of left-, center- and rightfielders, the *lapta* outfield features two leftfielders followed around by a fleet fellow traveler, or occasionally a British free agent eager to play ball with the Russians.

Over the centuries, *lapta* has developed many colorful customs and expressions. For instance, a peasant with only one *lapta* in hand but with two cossacks bearing down on him was

said to be facing a "fielder's choice." Third base has been known as the "hot corner" since the Minsk-Pinsk World Series of 1937, when a Pinsk third-base coach, who happened to double as a political-education instructor, peppered the Minsk third baseman with probing theoretical questions. Tragically, this led to the only fatality in big-time *lapta*. During the seventh game of the series, after uttering the ill-advised suggestion

"Stick it in your ear, Comrade Coach," the luckless Minsk third baseman was dragged from the Cosmodome by large men in bulky suits, executed and later brought to trial.

Diehard *lapta* fans deeply resented President Reagan's recent remark about *lapta's* "evil umpires." In truth, umpires are so revered in the Soviet Union that players often call out, "Honor to the umpires!" and managers run out of the dugout to congratulate the men in black on successfully making difficult calls. This is because the umpires are scrupulously fair and usually have close relatives on the party's Central Committee.

They are also famous for appreciating a good joke. One was told by the famous star Lefty ("Babe") Jabov, who once hit 62 homers in a year, more than Ruth or Maris or other inferior Americans weakened by decades of debilitating capitalist exploitation of the toiling masses. After a called third strike, the fun-loving slugger turned to the beloved umpire and quipped, "But, comrade, Marx said that when workers controlled the means of production, there would be no more strikes!" The joke was considered so funny that Jabov was not jailed at all but merely sent down to the Siberian League for attitudinal readjustment.

As it happens, the slugger's younger brother Karim Jabov is a famous Soviet sports figure in his own right. Shortly after the Russian invention of soccer, the gangly Karim picked up a soccer ball and playfully thrust it back over his head into a potato basket hanging from the rafters of a people's barn. He thus simultaneously invented both the in-your-face reverse slam dunk and the entire game of basketball. Watch for the complete story in *Izvestia*.

—By John Leo



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